

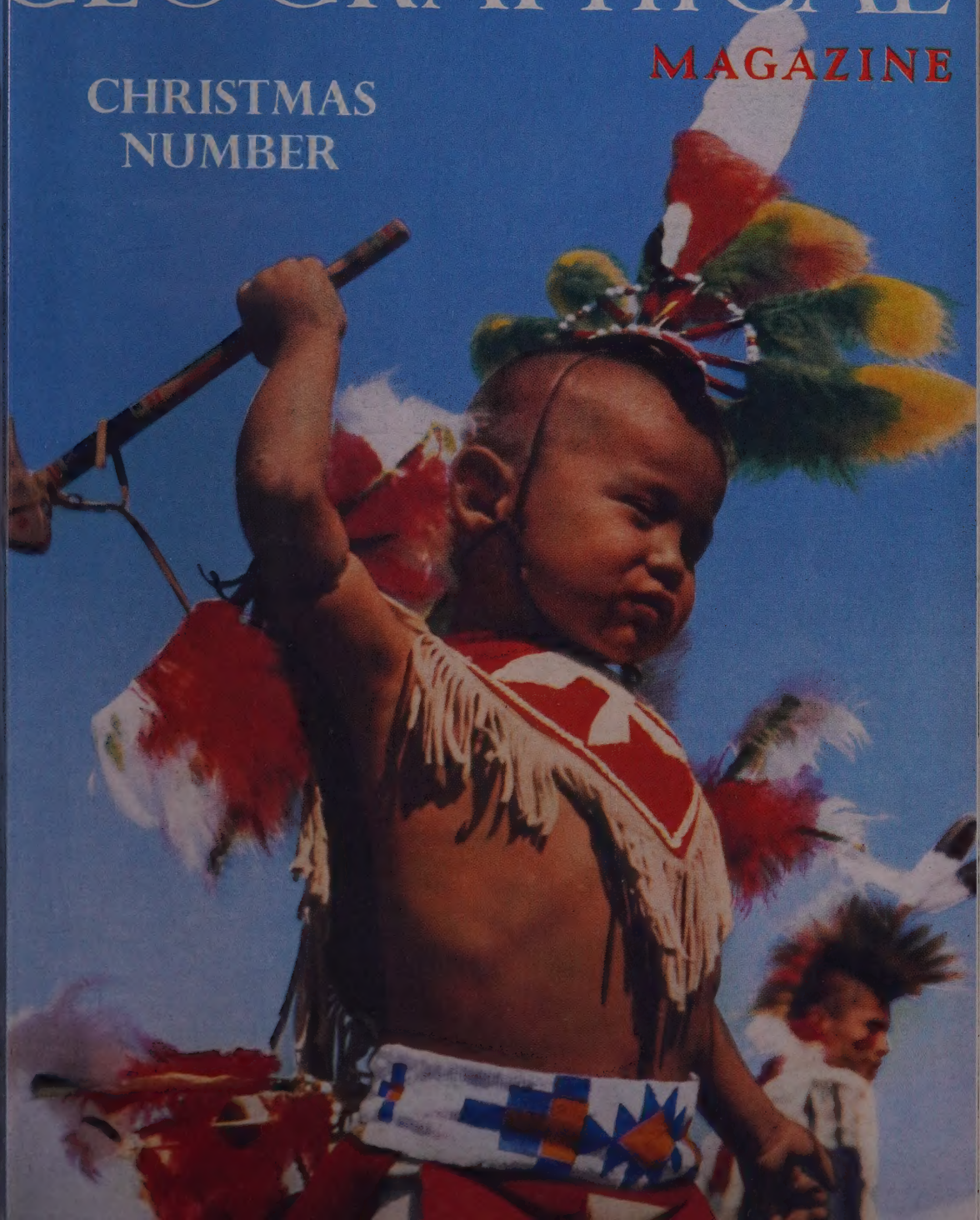
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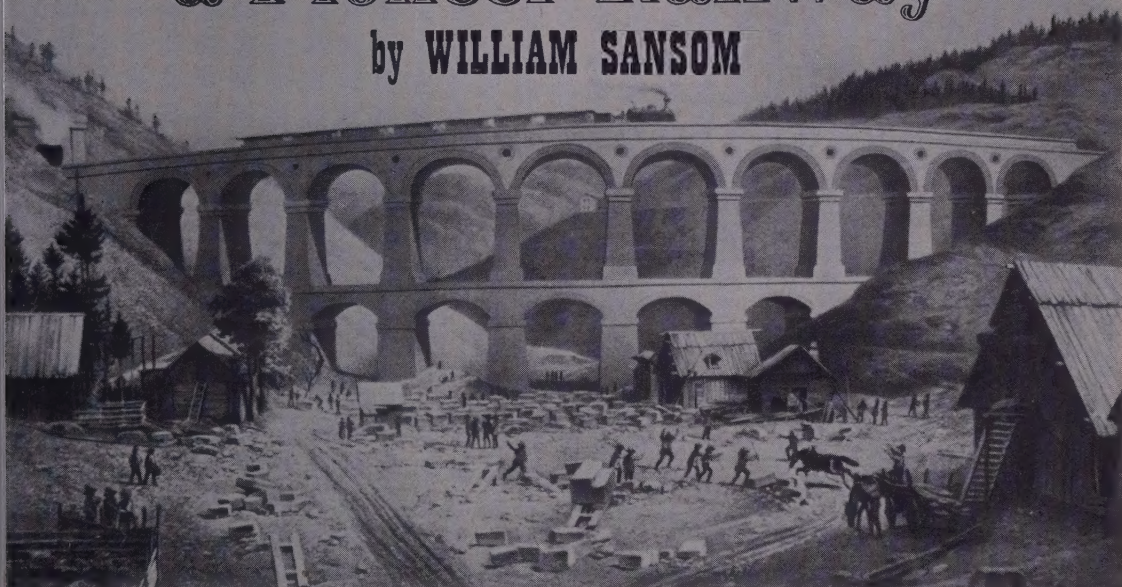
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# The Semmering: a Pioneer Railway

by **WILLIAM SANSOM**



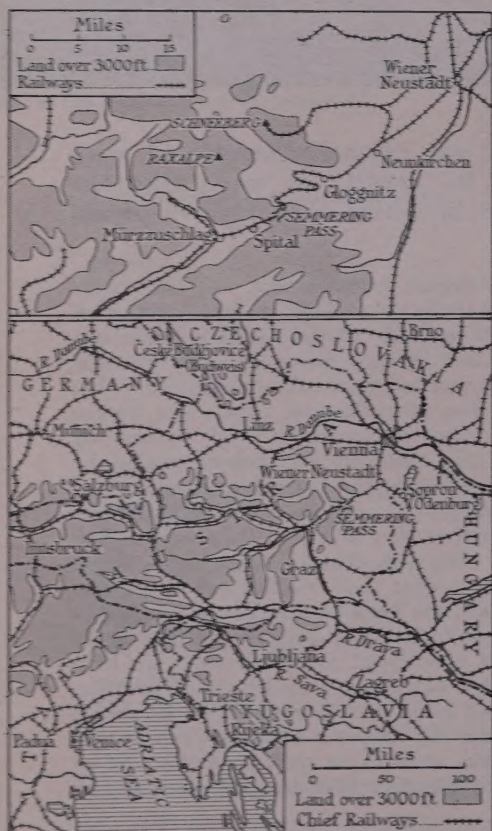
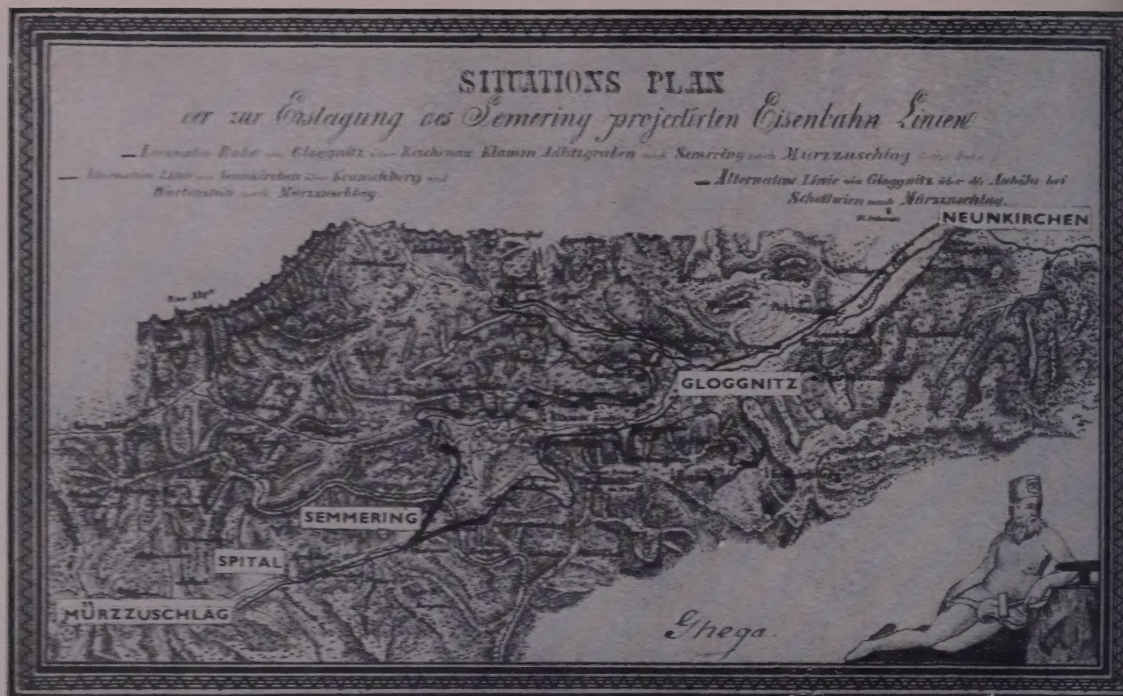
*All illustrations by courtesy of Austrian Federal Railways*

Outstanding engineering achievements are not normally associated with Austria, yet that country has many to its credit: in particular the construction of the Semmeringbahn is one of which it is rightly proud

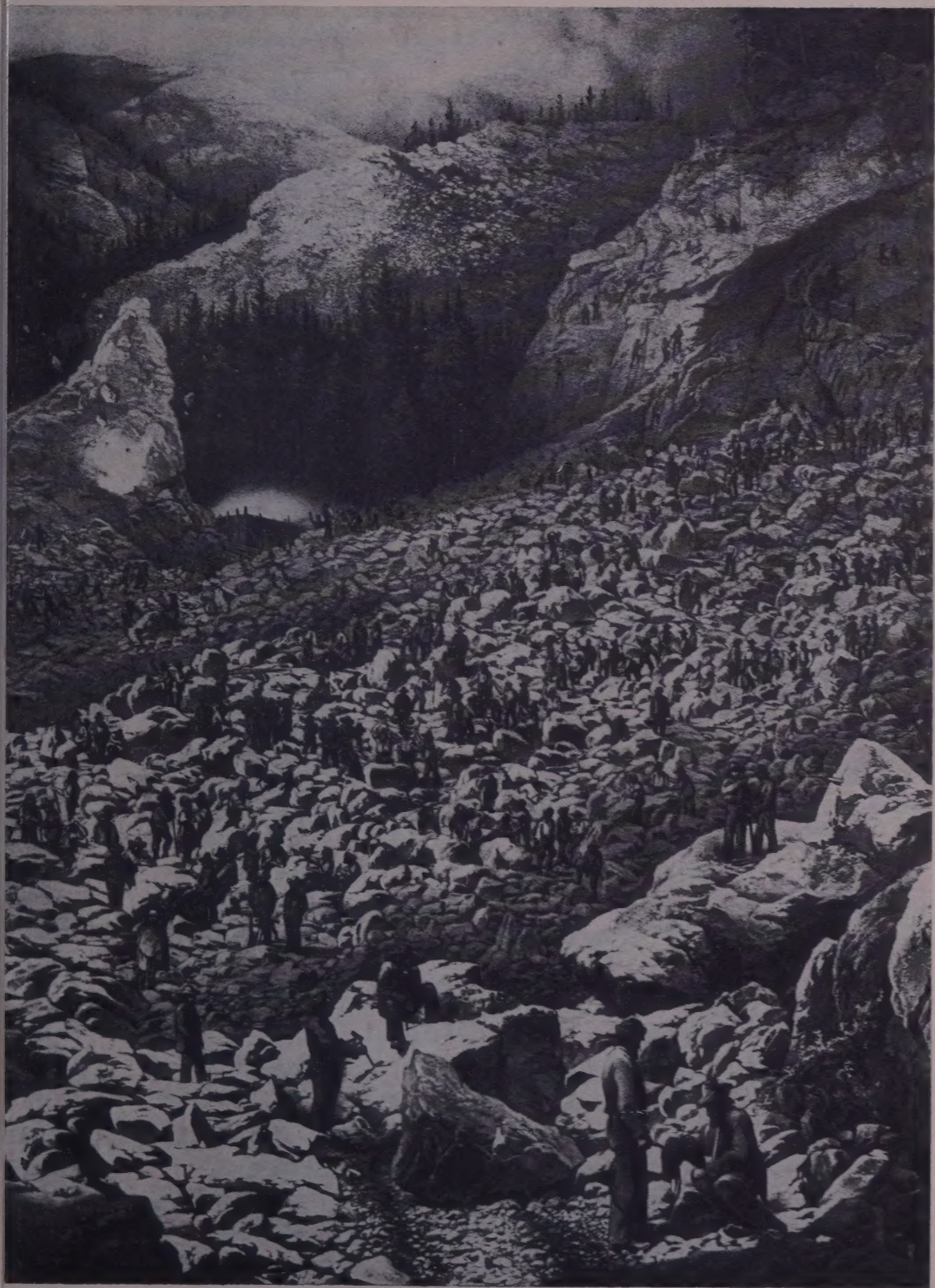
ONE of the moments when Art meets Engineering, and when these two comparative strangers embrace and cheek to cheek perform a measure both beautiful and practical, is to be enjoyed on the Semmering Pass in Lower Austria. It is here, about fifty miles south-west of Vienna, that in 1854 the Semmering mountain railway was completed over the border into Styria. It was the first mountain railway in Europe to be devised on a serpentine system of gradients, without cables or cogs or ratchets, and to involve in its ascent a long series of arched viaducts and tunnels and embankments that embellish and invigorate a landscape of crags, dark trees and conical hills such as Leonardo liked to place behind Gioconda and Madonna.

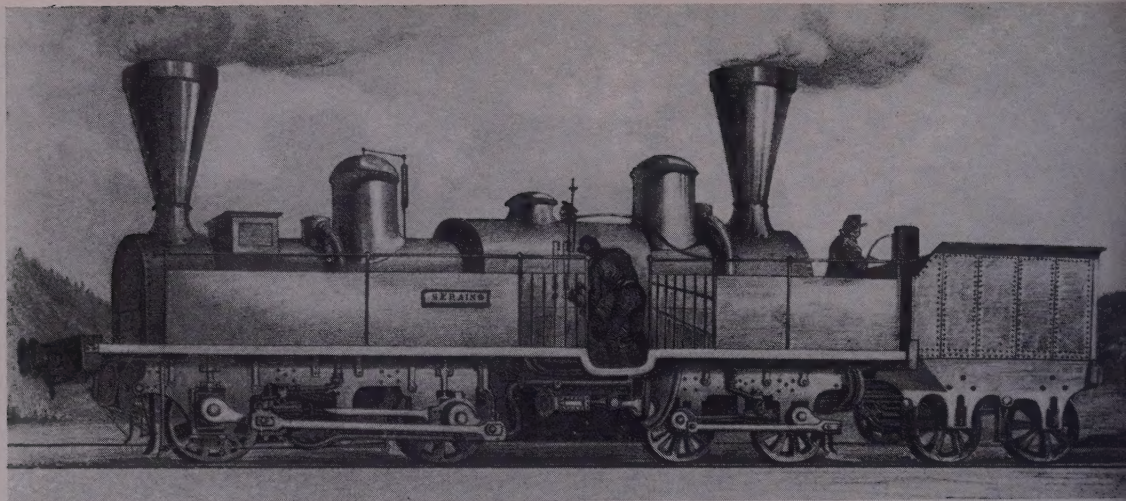
What the lamb and the reclining shepherd once did to populate an Arcadian landscape may nowadays be felt in a nest of mellow railway arches, in the curved stone bastion of

a fir-fringed embankment, in the noble corner-stones of a classic tunnel embrasure. Something had better inhabit a landscape, and these become points of quiet pastoral significance to interest the human eye. That eye is now often dimmed with a tear for the past. And the mountains of Semmering today are tree-clad and pretty, tamed by villas and villages, backed comfortably by two amiable snow-peaks set comfortably far off to either side. But once these heights had claws. Brigands abounded, the rocky slopes bore no proper road, sudden storms arose to confound the exposed traveller in both body and soul, for in those days he was more ready to read apocalyptic awfulnesses into the livid charge of lightning, the darkness of thunder, the cold howl of sleeting winds. Not until 1728 did the Emperor Charles VI order the first pass road to be built; but this was so steep that many relays were still necessary for

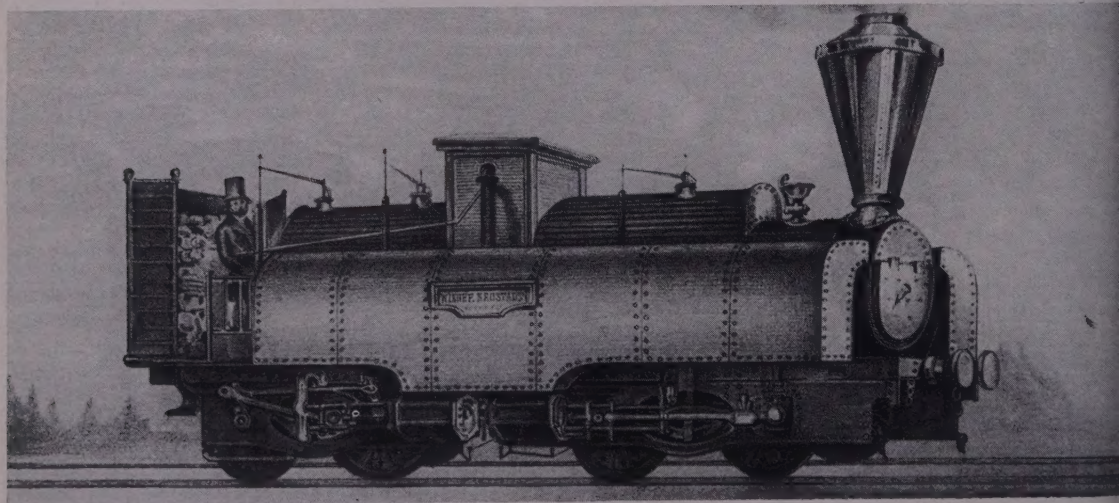
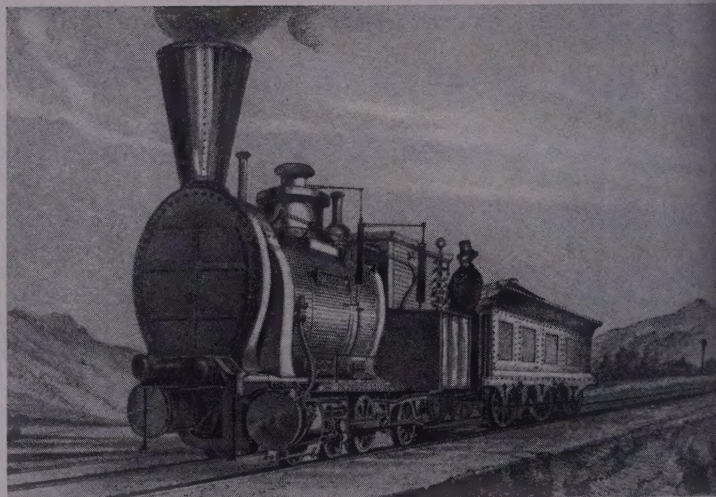


(Above) An early map by Carlo Ghenga, architect of the Semmering Railway, with alternative routes between Gloggnitz and Mürzzuschlag. 16,000 men from every part of the Austrian Empire were employed on the line. (Opposite) The quarries from which the local stone was drawn for tunnelworks, embankments and bridges. It was an operation where man played the ant on a huge scale in fierce mountain weather and at the cost of many lives over the years. This terrible slow toil in the mountains was the major achievement, for the mountains then were by no means as tamed as they are today, but were brigand-ridden and desolate places





Three of the entries in an international competition to design an engine capable of pulling a full load up the serpentine track to Semmering. Austrian, Bavarian and Belgian companies put forward these heavy monsters, which had performances never before envisaged in Europe. It must have been a formidable sight to see them come steaming up between the firs, their great iron bellies shaggy with huge icicles, their red sparks pouring out among the driving white snow-flakes—unnerving enough with only one chimney; but with two . . . !





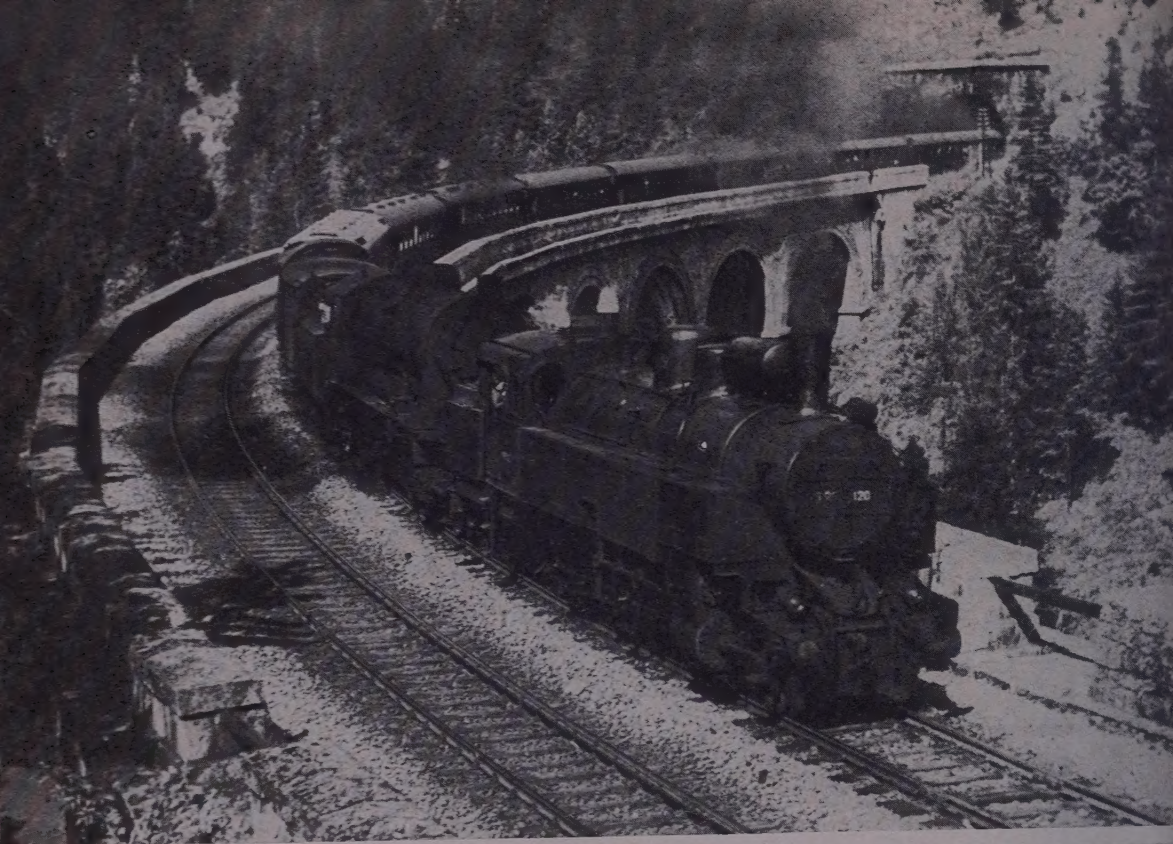
*Crowds, flags and an arch of welcome greeted the arrival of the first train when the earliest stretch of the railway, from Vienna to Gloggnitz, was opened. Other sections followed, and in April 1854 the Emperor Franz Josef I travelled over the line with its architect, Carlo Ghega*

the coaches, and some two hundred horses were kept at the foothill post-station of Schottwien for the purpose. A large church was built in which travellers prayed for protection before the ascent; and on the other side a capacious hospital (at Spital) was arranged for the reception of the injured and sick.

In spite of these dangers, man persisted in pushing through. They were tougher then; they were also used to it. And the traffic in coaches and waggons grew and grew. Why? Because it was the quick way through from landlocked Vienna to the south, to Trieste and Venice and the poplared plains of Lombardy. The other way was the old Roman route round through Hungary by Oedenburg (Sopron)—too far and too slow. In 1841 a less steep, more winding road was built; but post-carriages would still be accompanied by two white-coated dragoons. This was about ten years after there had been constructed a railway as famous in Central Europe as our

Stockton-Darlington pioneer—the Budweis-Linz line (and Linz still today celebrates this by its railwayside show of brass-flashing, big-funnelled early locomotives floodlit by night, a proud and lively monument that one may enjoy from the windows of the Arlberg Express). It was thus a decade of great plans for railway development. But few foresaw at that early time that the iron horse could climb mountains. One of these few was an engineering visionary who, with his project of a Semmering railway, was to affect mountain-railway tactics throughout the whole world: the Italian Carlo Ghega.

Ghega was born in Austrian Venice in 1802, five years after the fall of the Doge's Republic. The northern Italians are a busy people, with a reputation as good mechanics and engineers—and Ghega himself grew up in the particularly constructive Venetian climate which had brought into being among much else the complex *murazzi* system, the sea-walls protecting the Lagoon of Venice



from the Adriatic. After studying in Padua, Ghega turned to building roads, and formed a special liking for mountain projects. He went to America, where he worked among optimistic and experimental railway pioneers; and he brought back with him the germ of his project for an assault on the Semmering. Unheard of! Yet in 1846 a similarly unheard-of project was fulfilled upon the Venetian lagoons: the Austrian railway-bridge 3900 yards long, a world-wonder which ended Venice's long history as an island. So the climate and the energies of the time were propitious for these new orders. And for disorders: the revolutionary year of 1848 was on its way.

It was in that same year of 1848, when the barricades went up and parts of Vienna rose in flames, that the Railway Minister approved Ghega's proposals. Work began in 1849. And then, though the project was an unusual one, there began the usual story of the creation of a great work at the cost of many human lives.

Ghega's principle was to raise his track

gradually by means of tunnels and viaducts, quarrying local stone and using no iron. Sixteen thousand workmen from all over the Austrian Empire were deployed in camps and hutments along the route of the line. At that time unemployment and its consequent malnutrition would in any case have seen many of these workers into the grave. The Semmering Railway was part of a construction policy to relieve such unemployment: however that was, the railway finally relieved one thousand workmen of their lives. It makes sad reading. A cholera epidemic in 1850, 300 dead. In 1851, a toll of 282. In 1852, 178 funerals. The workmen had brought their wives and women, and infant mortality was also high. Accidents occurred. Bad weather, bad housing and the harsh labour conditions of that age had their natural way—horrific to our kinder eyes. But the railway was built. And for 22,586,858 florins, and those thousand lives, Austria and the world gained 16 viaducts, 129 bridges, 15 tunnels and an iron road from Vienna onwards to the lucrative Adriatic.

*(Opposite) Two engines are often necessary to pull heavy traffic up the gradual but still steep and exigent mountain tracks tunnelled and bridged by Carlo Ghega. Austria's pride in its railway pioneering since the building of the first Budweis-Linz line created a gala occasion when (below) members of the Federal Government arrived at Semmering station for the centenary in 1957*





*Half a mile above the station at Semmering lies the beautifully situated and astonishingly contrived Südbahnhotel. Almost a village in itself, it has shops and a doctor, terraces, annexes, drives; and the interior of the main edifice is furnished with much gilt and chandeliering and damask in the old style of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When Ghega designed his railway, he thought not only of its end at Trieste, but also even then of the possibility of tourist traffic. He insisted that luxurious hotels like the Südbahn should be built on eminences along the line, and indeed the idea bore fruit; for Semmering became the most popular resort for Viennese wanting mountain air, and rich Hungarians whose flat homeland is near enough to be visible by telescope from the hotel itself*

Wonderful enough—but even more marvellous, and to the layman's eye grotesque, is the fact that nobody had yet designed a locomotive capable of pulling loads up such a railway! Grotesque? Or a further tribute to the remorseless optimism of those bounding days? However, in the meantime Bavarian and Belgian and Austrian locomotive-designers were buzzing about their blueprints. And in 1851 a competition of their products was held: venerable engines called *Bavaria* and *Seraing* and *Vindobona* (the Roman name for Vienna) and *Wiener Neustadt*—one a fantastic essay in duality with a funnel and boiler at both ends—underwent trials. From the experience of these tests there was finally designed a beast fit for the burden, the Austrian locomotive *Kapellen*. In April 1854 the Emperor Franz Josef I travelled over the line with Ghega; and in August the first regular fast trains were put into service. By 1857 the line was laid to Trieste—and thus at

last the grand liaison with the sea.

That was a hundred years ago. From the gala moment when the line was declared open on one of those parasolled, champagned summer days of a now golden-looking past—from then to now trains have wormed their way up across the Semmering at what looks today in figures the not very momentous height of 2946 feet. Since then, trains have climbed the Andes and the Rockies. Yet if you travel nowadays from Vienna up into Semmering, the mountain mystique is still most apparent, whatever the paper figures say: and the winding views, and the sense of an occasion, make this still a memorable run.

One leaves the brilliant new Südbahn Station close by Vienna's old Arsenal. The diesel shudders swiftly past the flower market and the old Theater an der Wien and the Wien-Fluss itself on into the heavyweight suburbs, where many a double-headed eagle still struts its two-faced way along cornices

gay with flowerpots and washing. Thereafter stretches the flat country to Baden and Wiener Neustadt. On a February day, snowless, with a false Italian sun blazing down, I can remember tracts of country that took me back to the desert-edge round Tunis—the soil so flat and ochre, dead stubble brown from the year before, and I suppose a few low white farm-buildings about. On into the spa of Baden, with a dome—church? pump-room?—rising from a sprawl of oldish plaster streets. And Wiener Neustadt bricked and concreted and industrial, amply moated at either end by dead fields and officious wire fences. Here is part of the practical Austria, of which the tourist sees little, but which provided much of the mysteries into which, munching a fat terra-cotta-coloured sausage by his observation window, the traveller will soon ascend. For the mountains and the Styrian border lie shortly ahead.

Through the forest of Föhren and along by the Schwarza River; mountains begin to rise on either side. The line has been imperceptibly climbing, but now the old monastery of Gloggnitz sitting on its eminence marks the first of a series of hilltop buildings. At last the train alters its pull and goes tugging into the ascent proper. On all mountain railways a sort of pleasure comes with this new striving motion, an almost plastic urging, something like cutting through a cheese with a slow wire, when there is just enough resistance to emphasize the power in one's hand. And there is pleasure in the look of the ground falling away behind, winding and gradual, with no funicular vertigo. The upright poles of fir-trees flicker past like railings and above them now in the distance emerges the long white whaleback of the Raxalpe, a local monster that reaches a height of over 6500 feet.

Coursing over high curved viaducts of two-

*Semmering station at the highest point on the line. Very near here, the trains cross into Styria and make their way to the next important connection, which is Graz, the capital of the province*





*The most famous double-arched viaduct on the Semmering Railway, the Kalte Rinne. The winding line tunnels through the jagged mountain formation at levels so high that they must be snow-ploughed in winter.*

storeyed Romanesque arches and looking out on a peculiarly craggy country of steep ravines and isolated hill-cones, one feels airborne. Aerial views surround, birds fly beneath. Now villas with wide snow-loving eaves, and hunters with brush-burdened green hats, and a freshly resinous tang to the air all declaim that one has left the lowlands for a Rupert of Hentzau country made up of steep forests and hunting-lodges, antlers and castles and eagly intrigue.

The old and pleasant posting-town of Schottwien lies to the left below, the tall ruins of Klammm castle rise vertiginous and melancholy above their ravine, and hereabouts there nests against the main road the great Maria Schutz church where waggoners once prayed for a fair passage through the rigours above.

Finally—the apex at Semmering. Here at a height of nearly 3000 feet life has slowed down. The traveller has arrived at an elongated cup in the mountains and at a position whose only rigour today is what has been called a blinding beauty. The ears have already popped; now it is the turn of the eyes. The only immediate buildings are an old-fashioned track-side hotel and a leisurely station with fretted imperial ironwork and a glimpse of glass and gilded plaster in the station-master's office.

Since now the blackness of a tunnel 1563 yards long faces one as the train runs down to Spital and Mürzzuschlag on its way to Graz, it is pertinent to descend at Semmering and stroll up the wooded alleys to the promenade and a stable view at last of the tormented earth, the giant-arrested tempest of green waves that has tossed one high and dry up onto so rustic a gazebo.

About half a mile above the railway one is greeted by the terraces and spires of the old railway hotel, the Südbahnhotel. That is what it is called, but it is a kind of luxury village in itself—shops and restaurants and beds and a doctor and roads and walks—whose many high roofs provide a good sauntering-point for the view-bound eye. The Südbahn looks like a merrier version of King Ludwig's Neuschwanstein. Upon the modest basis of a classic rectangular railway hotel of 1880, there has been imposed a fabulous construction of every kind of tower, turret, chimney, pitched roof and dormer window on a gigantically tiered scale, all crazily patched with half-timbering, and at one point contriving even a Bridge of Sighs to its tree-girt annexe. Forested grounds and flowered terraces sprawl for many hundreds

of yards about; it has a further annexe-villa where poor Kaiserin Elisabeth, Franz Josef's wife, spent a season in the eighties, and its enormous swan-infested chandeliers were once the cynosure of rich Hungarian eyes, for the lavish-spending Magyars used to flock here for a first taste of mountain air from their flatlands not so very far away. Again, the practical visionary Ghega foresaw this tourist interest and emphasized early that hotels should be built along the higher reaches of the line.

Away to one side rise the white Raxalpe and the higher Schneeberg peak. All around and nearer primp more intimate hill-tops baized with a green herring-bone of firs. And down where the ground abruptly falls away winds the now miniature-seeming railway which, among escarpments and bare crags like those in Leonardo's *Virgin of the Rocks*, reveals occasionally glimpsed arches and black tunnel-openings. Semmering's tourist literature carries in illustration the conceit of a fir-bound hill with a railway tunnelling in and out of it in spiral ascent like a celestially fixated boll-weevil. It is not so far from the truth. One sees from this distance, and over a vast green mountain area, the little trains caterpillaring along as though drawn by toy-strings. If they are steam-trains, then the little white puffs of smoke hang upon the air woolly as poplar-seeds. I must repeat, it is a pleasure now to see a landscape enlivened by an occasional toy train and its architecture. The terrible iron horse is no longer in our minds; bowed by the assault of an omnivorous petrol engine, the more reticent railway connotes only the safety of the nursery floor and wishful dreams back into a leisurely age.

Yet—look again in winter. See how the pass once more assumes some of its ancient terrors. A blizzard howls across, white snow-flakes mix coldly with hot white engine-smoke, the locomotive swells in the mind from toy-size to a huge and heavy iron machine roaring in Nature's own roaring face; and the next day, over a new clear white landscape smelling of wood-smoke, one watches with relief the snow-plough at work and the trains' resumed benignity. But for a moment the sense of man's aspiration has reasserted itself.

And so Carlo, Ritter von Ghega must receive his applause for carrying us across the Semmering. He was a man who followed man's bent brilliantly: and the product of his brain has opened up rich new vistas of beauty, enriched engineering experience, and made Austria itself somewhat the richer into the bargain.

# Beauty in the Bath

## A Study in Place and Time of the Art of Tubbing

by DAVID PIPER

Assistant Keeper at the  
National Portrait Gallery

DAVID and the Two Elders are not isolated cases, reprehensible though they may be, snooping. They merely formed the head of an endless queue; from the roof-tops multitudes gaze down upon the ablutions of Bath-sheba, and in the shade of a garden crowds congregate to see Susannah at her bath. They are the painters, curious men, but frank and upright, with open and delighted eyes. Pressing eagerly forward, ruthless they trample the crawling and murderous furtiveness of David and the Elders underfoot, to celebrate the radiance of woman in her bath. And so, throughout Europe, they have done at all times when the nude has been a socially and morally permissible subject in art, and to Susannah and Bath-sheba they will always in the end return.

The visual record of women in the bath begins fairly early; there are certainly Egyptian renderings surviving, severe linear princesses proceeding forward with their bodies and sideways with their profiles to receive water poured by slaves; the vanished paintings of the Greeks surely showed bathing scenes, as do a few vases, and amongst the remnants of Roman painting there still stands, at Pompeii, a somewhat hieratic frieze of bathers. With the Greeks and the Romans, from the time that Hector returned from the



*Exclusive News Agency*

battlefields of Troy to relax in the warm bath awaiting him, the bath flourished as perhaps never since on such a scale of luxury, but the vestiges of this heyday are to be found not in perishable paint so much as in archaeology and literature: in the exhumed ground-plans of thermal baths, with their processions of chambers of graded heat, from Pompeii to the British Roman villas; and in the works of Petronius and the scathing attacks of Seneca.

The Middle Ages, with their eyes (in art, at least) fixed on the hereafter rather than on the here, paused very rarely to record the body in the bath, though baths, from 1200 onwards, were commonplace enough, private or public; Frankfort-on-Main listed twenty-

Girls Washing. *Pompeian Mural. c. 54 B.C.*



*Enciclopedia di Architettura e Topografia dell'Italia Antica*

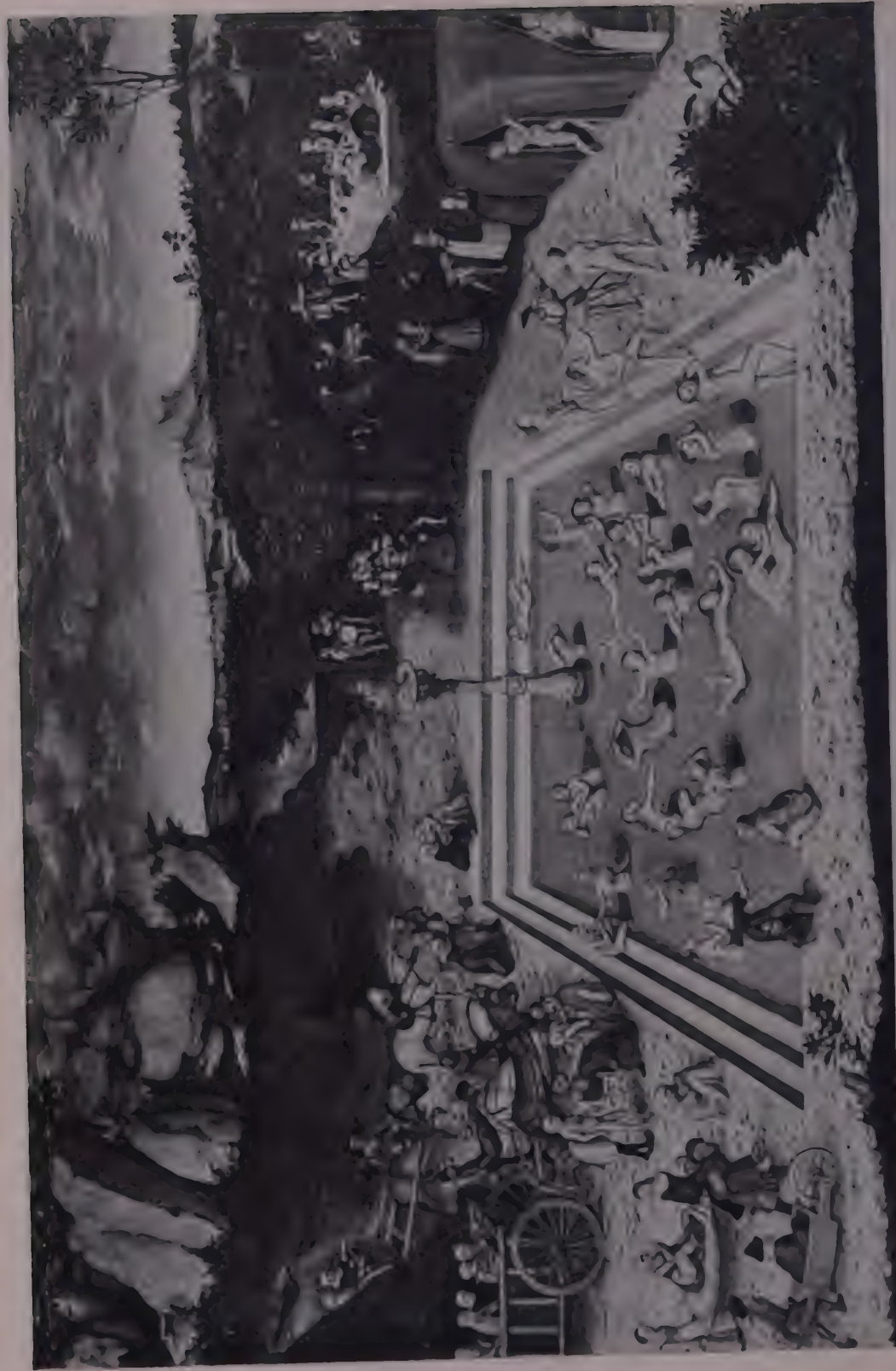


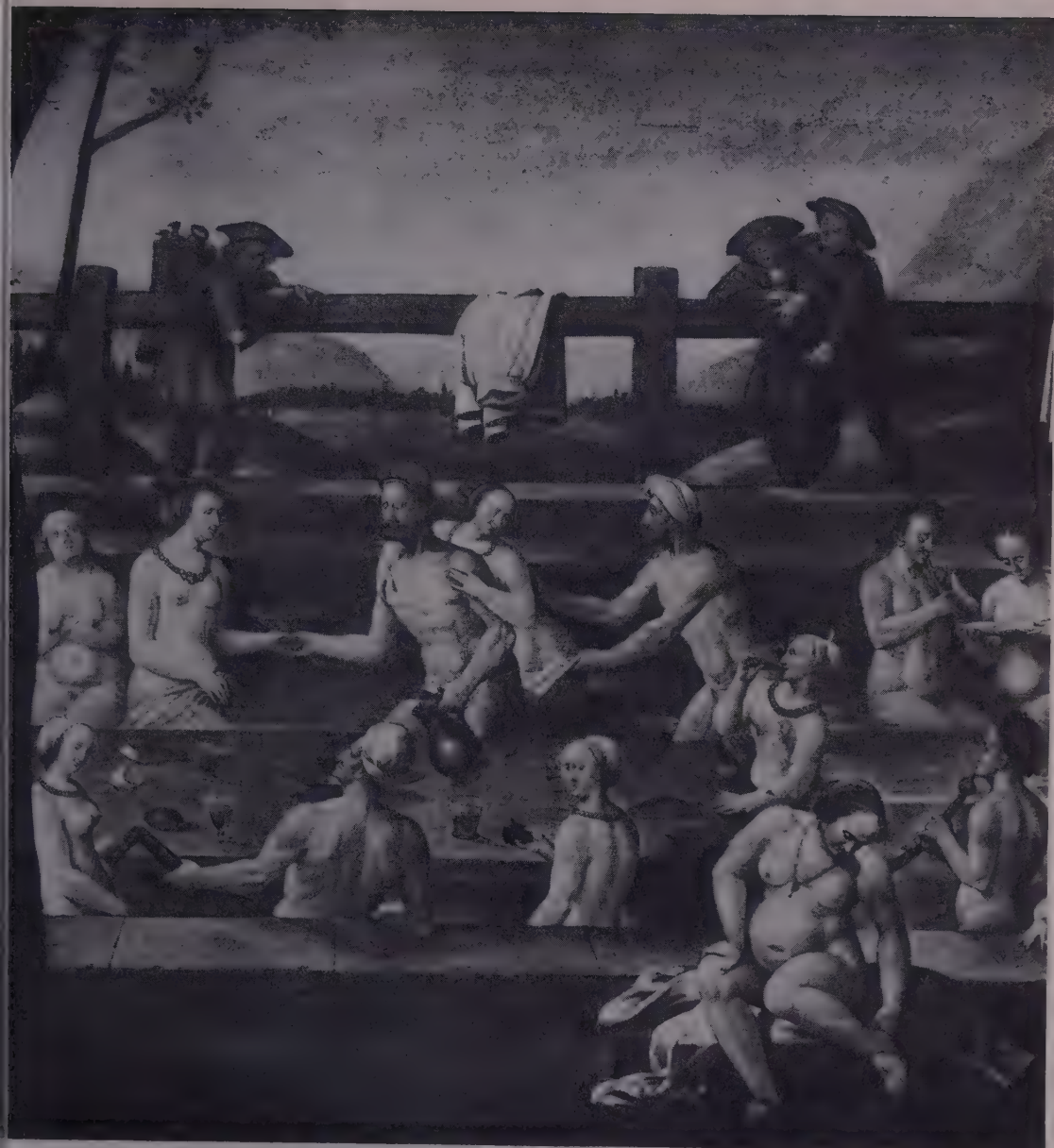
*Alinari, from the Mansell Collection*

Gabrielle d'Estrées in the Bath. *After Clouet. c. 1592*

nine bath-house keepers as early as 1387. It is not long after that, as the Renaissance shifted men's gaze back earthwards, that bathing scenes begin to become quite frequent. Many of the early ones are vivid reminders that the moral reputation of the bath is not always good—so much not so in fact that the popular and expressive word for the public hot-bathing establishments became synonymous with brothel—a stew. The drawing of scenes from such resorts, seen sometimes with a sharp surgical realism that almost prognosticates the work of Toulouse-Lautrec, was especially the pleasure of German artists. Bathing has always been the subject of crisp assault by

moralists, and Church authorities have often spoken their mind, but the bath-houses were probably never all for low purposes. They spread over the whole of Western Europe, and often were combined with restaurants where mixed parties used to forgather (Baden-Baden was already fashionable in the 15th century) for perfectly decorous if half-submerged dinner parties. The pleasures of eating in the bath are now unjustly neglected; so too the sophistication of wearing pearls in the bath. Consider Gabrielle d'Estrées having a very delicate and civilized dessert in the late 16th century. A painting by Hans Bock shows mixed bathing, down-to-water and





Kunstmuseum, Basel

The Baths at Leuk (*detail*). *Hans Bock The Elder*. 1597

unflatteringly realistic, in a more public setting out of doors. But my favourite of the period is a picture by Cranach of 1546, a fine splash in a curiously contemporary-looking swimming-bath; one would not be surprised to find chlorine in the water, though the fountain is beyond most municipal ambitions. But in fact this is a magic pool—the mythical fountain of rejuvenation: from the left, the old in all stages of decrepitude arrive, immerse themselves, and, pleasantly transformed into radiant sporting girls, emerge on the far side to the pleasures of masculine company and a sumptuous sit-down picnic.

Both these last two examples are Germanic, and their rendering of the human form shows that lack of feeling for the svelte and gracious (or, alternatively, that clear-eyed unflattering refusal to be taken in by romantic ideas of what the human body looks like) that those who delight in the Mediterranean tradition, in the art of Italy, can find so tasteless. In an early 16th-century fresco, once in the Villa Pelucca, by that most delicate and lyrical painter Luini, order and elegance are restored: this could be Arcadia; this could be the stream in the garden where Susannah bathed. The specific stories of Susannah and of Bath-sheba come into their own at the Renaissance, together with comparable themes from classical mythology, notably the history of the surprising of Diana by Actaeon; the 16th-century Venetians especially, with their love of sumptuousness in flesh (and also their rather unexpected supply of large blondes), rose to the occasion. One of the most magnificent paintings out of all 16th-century Venice is Tintoretto's famous picture of Susannah, now in Vienna. But the Susannah I have chosen to reproduce here is less well-known, a quieter version by a Dutch Mannerist, Cornelis Cornelisz. van Haarlem, with the pink and white of Susannah (shrewdly observed in the awkward elegance of one just not slipping on the bath-edge) set off against the black pearl of her attendant Negress.

Bathing has of course a dual nature; it is both functional and pleasurable. Nowadays outdoor bathing is normally primarily connected with pleasure: one does not usually wash in the municipal swimming-pool, but, since the almost ubiquitous introduction of domestic bathrooms at any rate in Europe and America, one reserves the cleansing of the body for one's own bath, which offers both purification and a less strenuous refreshment. Earlier, the two purposes were more closely linked in outdoor bathing; the anticipation with which one went off to the nearest stream

on the first hot day of summer after a bathless winter is easy to imagine. This dual purpose of outdoor bathing is recognized in one of the first books on the subject in English, William Percy's *The Compleat Swimmer*, 1658; amongst other tips the author suggests that while swimming you "touch your Toes and handle them as you please, and pare them at pleasure, for you may safely do it, and without danger". No picture known to me illustrates that refinement; indeed pictures of people literally in the swim are rare (it is after all a difficult subject to paint satisfactorily). From the mid-17th century however we have another idyll, almost as Arcadian as Luini's painting, by Michiel Sweerts—unusual in that it is of male bathers, a relatively rare theme until the late 19th century when artists as diverse as Cézanne and the British Academician Tuke made play with it.

But on the whole artists have given good space to bathing in Europe since the Renaissance. Turkish baths have been somewhat neglected except by caricaturists; they are said to have been introduced to the West by the returning Crusaders, and have certainly been in use in various forms since the Renaissance, though their great fashionable boom did not come till the second half of the 19th century. There are plenty of literary records of them—the diarist John Evelyn, for example, in Venice in 1645, indulged in one and paid the not unusual price of catching a severe cold after it. The Russian and Finnish systems, the steam sweating baths with their attendant pleasures of rolls in the snow and brisk whipping with birch twigs, have also failed to inspire artists of any stature.

In the 18th century, the break of the great sinuous swirl of Baroque art into the spray and froth of the Rococo formed a style that fitted certain aspects of bathing like a can-can petticoat, as in some of the works of the French school, by painters like Boucher, Fragonard and Pater. Then the erotic possibilities of the subject were frankly and provokingly realized. In England, the treatment was neither so gay nor so frank. Gainsborough painted a delightful *Diana and Actaeon*, but more usual was a distressingly coy vision of half-veiled simpering nymphs. Against such sentimentalities, the great British caricaturists, especially Rowlandson, protested with ham-hipped and balloon-bosomed rollicking scenes of watery catastrophe. But the best of all these cartoons was that by the neglected Richard Newton, a wit and splendid draughtsman who died aged only 21 in 1798; his *Nymphs Bathing* is a timeless masterpiece of



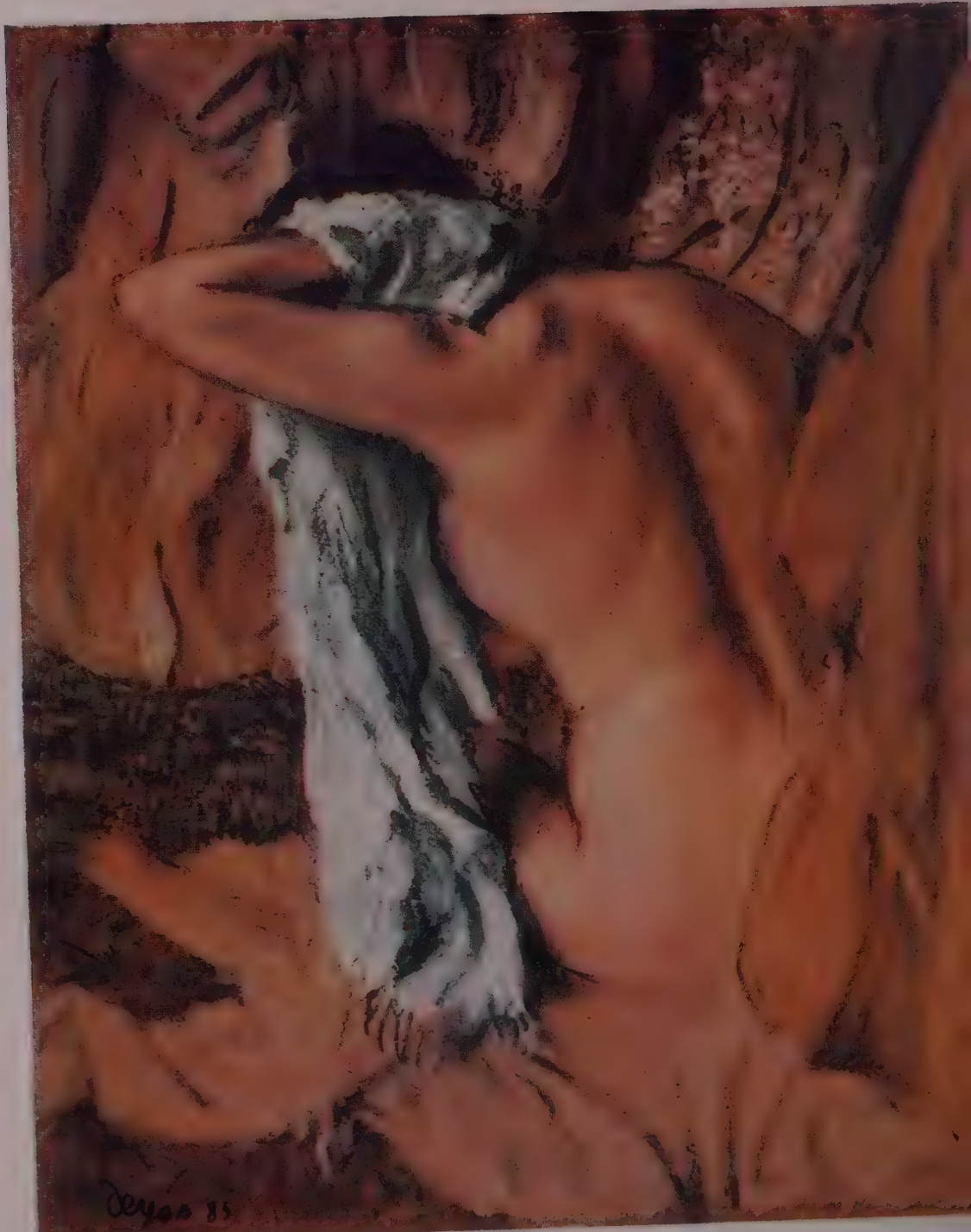
Rath-sheba. Gemälde Kirchner, von Heide, 1904



*The Victoria and Albert Museum*

Krishna watching Radha at her bath. *Garhwal, c. 1785*





*The collection of Mr and Mrs Charles Cutting*

*Après le Bain. Degas, 1885*



Girls Bathing. *Bernardino Luini. 1522*

*Pinacoteca di Brera, Milan*

Men Bathing. *Michiel Sweerts. c. 1650*

*Musées de la Ville de Strasbourg*



Women Bathing (*detail*). *Jean-Baptiste François Pater. c.1730*

*National Galleries of Scotland*





*From the collection of Captain E. G. Spencer-Greenhill, M.C.*

**Diana Surprised by Actaeon. W. E. Frost. 1846**

**Girls Bathing in Tahiti. Paul Gauguin. 1897**

*The Barber Institute of Fine Arts, Birmingham*





*Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, London, and by permission of the artist*

**Mother Bathing Child. Jack Smith. 1953**

satirical comment that Giles today would surely acknowledge with reverent pleasure.

In France the frippery world of Marie Antoinette was swept up by the ruthless broom of the Revolution. For sterner times, a sterner art, the neo-classical severity of J. L. David, to whom we owe the most sensational of bath-pictures—that of the demagogue Marat dead in his bath where Charlotte Corday assassinated him. In England, the neo-classic progression was not so fortunate; it tended to succumb to a curious almost photographic treatment of the nude, which is well represented by a late example, the *Diana Surprised by Actaeon* exhibited by W. E. Frost at the Royal Academy in 1846, where the most striking quality of the girls is the somehow irrepressible and improper suggestion that they are, undressed, in an unnatural state; their true skins are the sloughed corsets somewhere in the wings. But that is a rather unkind example, and bathing nymphs in Britain were often much better served by Etty.

By this time, outdoor bathing as a highly organized though more discreet fashion had been in full swing for many years. The big boost to sea-bathing came in the second half of the 18th century, complete with machines and a considerable medical propaganda about its beneficial effect on the health. Even royalty indulged: there is no reason to doubt that George III dipped in the sea at Weymouth, even if Fanny Burney's rendering of the event in her *Diary* of 1789 is possibly slightly exaggerated: "the King bathes and with great success; a machine follows the Royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play *God Save The King* as His Majesty takes his plunge." The fashion was symptomatic of a general growth of the practice of cleanliness, though this did not spread as fast as one might have guessed. Kerr's standard *Gentleman's House*, first published in 1864, states categorically that "no house of pretensions will be devoid of a general bathroom", but nevertheless, as Ralph Dutton has pointed out, even in the nineties country-houses were being built without bathrooms, as were two even of Sir Edwin Lutyens's early efforts.

When the Impressionists, and particularly Degas, towards the close of the 19th century, began to snap hitherto unpictured familiar scenes from all angles, the bath in the washing-pieces is usually of the saucer-type that lived under the bed when not in use. (Hip-baths rarely fired artistic interest.) It is with Degas that we get, almost for the first time, the spectacle of the common ignoble rub-a-dub-

dub transmuted into true, even great, works of art; since his example, the subject has been perhaps over-exploited. It is a Europe-wide subject, in England particularly known through Sickert's tub-scapes set in darkened rooms in Camden Town, and more recently through the Kitchen-Sink school of painters (there is a stark vision by Jack Smith of a child being washed in a sink, very possibly with a pot-scourer, in the Tate Gallery).

The rest of the world, beyond Europe, yields disappointingly sparse evidence in art of the more far-flung bathing habits. African and Polynesian art, so seminal in stylistic influence on recent European art, has always been concerned with the making of images, but not with setting those images in any context, let alone a bath. The bathing girls of the southern Pacific seas, for all their sea-side, palm-shaded picturesque, had to wait till the arrival of Gauguin from France before anyone of consequence thought of painting them. India is more profitable, but only for a tiny period of its enormous history; nevertheless there are enchanting pictures of bathing scenes in the output of the Garhwal school, jewelled as precisely as a Swiss watch, cool and brilliant. In the Victoria and Albert Museum there is Krishna eyeing Radha at her most refined ablutions, as agog as David sighting Bath-sheba, and there also, lent by Ram Gopal, is a marvellous sporting of girls, shoaling like woman-shaped minnows in a pellucid wave.

China on the other hand offers neither swimmers nor bathers in her art, but when we get to the extreme Orient, to Japan, with her almost fanatic bath-culture, the case is different, dependent though her art is on that of China. Americans and Europeans think they are the cleanest people in the world until they land in Japan, there to find themselves frowned upon, though courteously and perhaps not overtly, for lying stewing in the water which they have just fouled by washing in. The Japanese wash *outside* the bath-tub, sluicing down with buckets; when clean they may possibly get into the bath itself, but certainly not before they have washed. The outdoor shower shown here is more unusual, provided by a waterfall on a generous scale.

This brief survey in time and place cannot but touch the surface of the subject. The only common feature, some readers may notice, is that it is generally women who appear in the bath and not men, but this is perhaps due only to the fact that the vast majority of painters, until very recently, have been men and not women.

# Malta: Honey-Coloured Island

by ANNE BOLT

The latest of the many upheavals that have occurred in Malta's history affords a good opportunity to glance at its turbulent and romantic past

THE famous George Cross island is not, as one might easily suppose, a vast extension of H.M. Dockwards, but a fascinating palimpsest of history, gilded with Mediterranean sunshine. Every breeze that blows across an island only seventeen miles by eight must be a sea wind; it is rocking but not breaking.

Malta, smaller than the Isle of Wight, is the principal island in a miniature archipelago in the middle of the Mediterranean. The other members of the group are so seldom mentioned that many people think of Malta as a single isolated island. It is not surprising, for Gozo is only twenty-six square miles in area; Comino, named after the aromatic ruminant seed which it once commercially exported, now supports some thirty people; and the other two islands are uninhabited rocks. Comino is a paradise for spear-fishermen and Filija a practice range for aerial bombardment.

In pre-glacial ages the Maltese archipelago was joined to Sicily and Italy, and possibly formed part of a land-bridge between Europe and Africa across which wandered pachyderms and ruminants driven from Northern Europe by the advancing ice. Near Marsaxlokk in the south-east of Malta, deep in the Ghar Dajem—the cave of darkness—can still be seen the bones of elephants, hippopotami and red deer. Three different species of elephant have been classified according to size, the smallest only three feet high when fully grown; they are all related to the European elephants of the Pleistocene era. One explanation is that a number of normal-size beasts were trapped on the newly formed islands and their descendants became smaller owing to scarcity of fodder and worsening conditions.

To explore the countryside is to enjoy megalithic Malta. There are thirty Stone Age sites, some of impressive size reminiscent of, yet fascinatingly different from, our own Stonehenge. Most beautifully situated on a rocky plateau overlooking the sea are the twin temples of Hagar Qim and Mnajdra, three miles south of Zebbug. The layout of their many intercommunicating cells is similar, but Hagar Qim is the older temple. It is



believed to have been built about four thousand years ago, and one of the great blocks of globigerina limestone is twenty-two feet long and weighs many tons. Mnajdra, like most of Malta's other prehistoric ruins, was built of the harder coralline limestone; nevertheless it is much weathered. The great stones have been standing sentinel to the sea since 1600 B.C., and among their fantastic shapes one has a feeling of being, for once, among the "shipwrecks of time".

The most interesting of the prehistoric temples from an archaeologist's point of view is Tarxien. This wonderful site was excavated after the slap-happy era of amateur enthusiasm, and a great debt is owed to Sir Themistocles Zammit for his expert care in digging through the strata and preserving for us all the story of his island's earliest inhabitants. Hard by the Tarxien temples is Hal Saflieni Hypogeum, the most ambitious underground prehistoric temple in the world,



a complete labyrinth of chambers, three storeys deep, cut in the rock by picks made of horns and antlers.

The Hypogeum was discovered by chance in 1902 when some new houses were being built. Hewing out one of the bell-shaped water-tanks that so many Maltese homes have to provide against the long dry summer, a workman broke accidentally through into one of the underground chambers. The builder finished the houses, using the old temple as a convenient dumping-ground for his rubbish, and only then did news reach the Government of the great discovery.

It is indeed a miracle that so much remains to tell a skilled archaeologist the story of the past. Farmers, always short of arable land, have for centuries tried to remove the great megaliths, and peasants still grind up the shards of ancient pottery to make a much-prized ingredient of a kind of cement called

*għana*, which is used for roofing local houses.

Most fascinating of Maltese legends is that of the "mysterious cart-tracks" which criss-cross the living rock, cut into it sometimes as deep as eighteen inches. Since they often end abruptly at the cliff edge, they are said to run to Sicily under the sea. There are no traces of a beast's hard hooves between the tracks, so some believe that the carts were drawn by men. From the air so many of them are visible that they resemble a railway, complete with junctions and marshalling-yards. Subsidence through the centuries would logically account for the tracks apparently plunging into the sea. Various theories have been put forward to explain the tracks. One was recently demonstrated on a television film: a pair of cartwheels and a specially constructed slide-car were drawn along the tracks. The cartwheels jammed continually, in particular at the sharper turns, the slide-car

ran with ease. Drawn by oxen and sometimes horses such slide-cars of light construction have been used almost up to the present day in Europe as well as Asia.

Earliest historical records tell that Malta was colonized, about 1500 B.C., by the Phoenicians. In the 9th century those enterprising merchant-mariners founded Carthage, and in time this daughter state usurped the power of the mother country, so that by 480 B.C. the Carthaginians were overlords of much of the Mediterranean, including Malta.

Near Marsaxlokk, the southernmost bay of the island, two columns were unearthed in 1697. Some eighty years later, the reigning Grand Master, de Rohan, sent one as a present to Louis XVI, and the other can still be admired in the Museum in Valletta. On the base of the columns are twin inscriptions in Greek and Phoenician. Their discovery provided a key to the Phoenician language, as the finding of the Rosetta Stone in 1799 was to elucidate Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Some of the words on the old inscription are in customary use today, for modern Maltese derives mainly from Phoenician and

Arabic. Many words bear witness to the Arab occupation, which lasted some two hundred years from A.D. 870. The Maltese tongue shows far less Italian influence than Mussolini's propaganda machine would have had us believe.

The Romans, it is true, took over Malta, as they did much of the Carthaginian Empire, and on the outskirts of Malta's beautiful old capital, Mdina, in the residence of the Roman *propraetors*, is a particularly elegant mosaic floor. Malta had ever been prosperous and Diodorus Siculus wrote, in the half-century before Christ: ". . . The houses are very beautiful and ambitiously adorned with cornices and stucco work. It has many useful harbours; the inhabitants are very rich: artisans of every class are to be found among them, the most expert are such as make textiles famous for their firmness and softness." Hundreds of years later Malta was still famous throughout the Middle Sea for fine strong sails made from its own "sea-island" cotton.

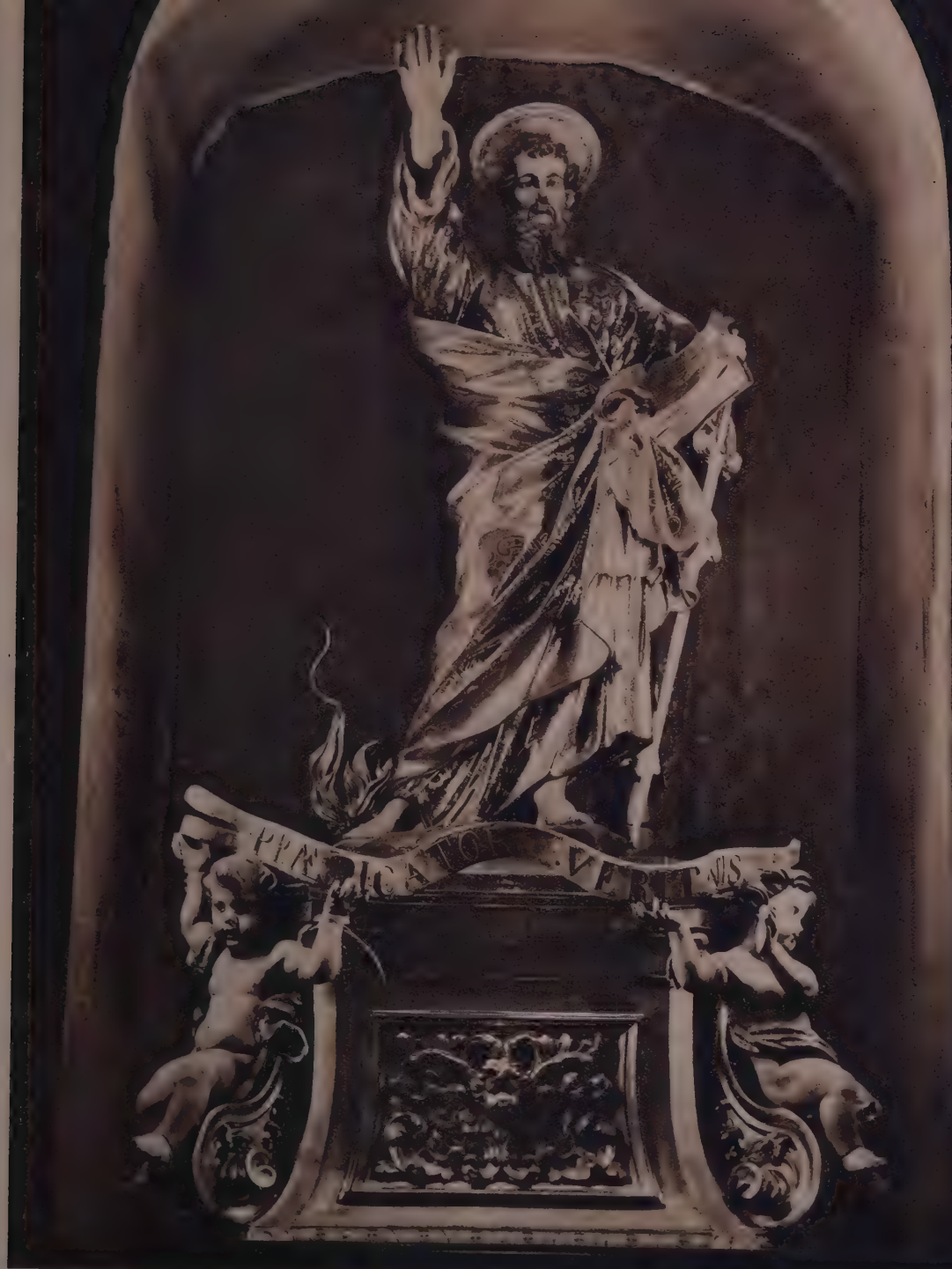
In 1960 Malta will be celebrating a most impressive anniversary, for it was in the year A.D. 60, during the Roman occupation, that

St Paul was shipwrecked on the island. The Saint was on his way from Caesarea to Rome, and the Maltese venerate a rocky islet on the north-east coast as the place where he was wrecked. Accompanied by St Luke, St Paul stayed three months and converted the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius and who later became the first Bishop of Malta.

Thenceforth, apart from the Arab interim, Malta has been staunchly Christian, so it was fitting that the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St John of Jerusalem should be given the island after the Turks had driven them from Rhodes in 1523. Among the superb collection of documents in Valletta Library is the Papal Confirmation, given by Pope Paschal II in 1113, of the original foundation of the Order in Jerusalem, and the Charter granting Malta to the Knights, signed by Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, on March 23, 1530. On October 26, the galleys of the Order sailed into Malta's Grand Harbour, led by the Great Carrack, *Santa Anna*.

When one sees photographs in today's newspapers of elderly





*All photographs by Anne*

*This larger than life-size statue of St Paul is in the Church of St Paul's Shipwreck in Valletta. The statue is gorgeously coloured and shimmers with gilt. The serpent commemorates the occasion when a viper fastened on St Paul's hand without harming him. Thus arose the tradition that St Paul banished all poisonous snakes from Malta, as St Patrick did in Ireland*



Looking across a part of Grand Harbour towards Valletta from Senglea Point. The watch-tower is decorated with huge eyes and ears, a pretty anomaly. It was temporarily taken down during the war, partly for its own safety but also because it impeded the firing of the guns from St Michael's Fort

*Fort Ricasoli, at the entrance to Grand Harbour, was built in 1629 but was greatly extended in 1670 by Grand Master Nicholas Cottoner, an indefatigable builder who strengthened all the defences of Valletta. The British Navy recently vacated the Fort, which has been suggested as a splendid site for an international hotel, with swimming-pool and gardens.*



*Above the decorated entrance to the Auberge de Castille is the marble bust of Grand Master Manuel Pinto. Perhaps the most impressive of the Maltese Auberges still intact, it is ornately typical of the mid-18th century when the building was greatly enlarged. This Auberge was begun in 1574 and was the residence of the Knights of Castille and Portugal*





*A residential street in Valletta, with the balconies so characteristic of Malta. They seem designed more to protect the rooms from the noonday sun than as sitting-out places, though in the evenings when the shutters are raised you can sit and gaze from them across Grand Harbour to Senglea Point.*



*It is claimed that the church at Mosta, in the centre of Malta, has the third largest dome in Europe. Though the claim may be difficult to substantiate it is certainly larger than the dome of St Paul's Cathedral in London and is not much smaller than that of St Peter's, Rome. More interesting than its mere size, Mosta Church was built during the 1860s by a Maltese master mason, Angelo Gatt, who could neither read nor write*

*Spinola Creek, a few miles outside Valletta, is particularly appealing to the eye of an artist. Black-and-white pictures cannot do justice to the colouring of Malta. The buildings mellow to a lovely honey gold. In February the clover spreads in carpets of crimson; through the late autumn, winter and into spring the fields are a vivid green; while for most of the year the sun shines on the deep blue Mediterranean Sea*





*An aerial view of two of the five dry-docks, which with the floating dock (one of the largest in the world) and all the machine-shops and dockside services have been taken over from the Admiralty by Baileys (Malta) Ltd, a subsidiary of C. H. Bailey & Co., the old-established firm of South Wales dry-dock owners. Thus Baileys are now by far the biggest employers of labour in Malta, with a force of between 6000 and 6500 men*

worthies in velvet caps walking in procession, it is odd to think of the militant Knights and their emblem, "the white cross of peace on a blood-stained field of war". The modest, un-militant chivalrous Christian order, which had been founded in the name of the Hospitallers of St John in the middle of the 11th century to give hospitality and medical care to pilgrims to the Holy Land, had later perforce to become a zealous fighting unit against the Infidels who were prosecuting their mass conversions to Islam by the sword.

The great Turkish siege of Malta in 1565 was waged with a ferocity savage even by 16th-century standards. Mustapha Pasha cut off the heads of the Knights and impaled them on poles, he extended on planks the trunks of the corpses nailed in the shape of a cross, and gashed another cross on their breasts and threw them into the harbour. The Christians replied by firing from their cannons the bleeding heads of Turkish prisoners. The beleaguered Knights resisted for nearly four months: when reinforcements finally arrived from Sicily the Muslims fled and sailed back to Constantinople with less than a quarter of their original force.

The Knights have left their mark throughout the island, but especially in Valletta, that capital built "by gentlemen for gentlemen". Every other house was a palace, and even after the second great siege of Malta, the two-year siege during World War II when 24,000 buildings were wrecked, much remains of their fine city. The simple Auberge d'Aragon; the Auberge de Bavière, now a school; the Auberge de Provence which houses the Museum; and the exuberantly decorated Auberge de Castille which is a living portrait of the later decadence of the Order.

The Knights were organized into Auberges according to their language, and there they lived "a monastic communal life isolated from the secular population, which fostered their feeling of superiority. They thus acquired prestige, a consciousness of which contributed to their prowess and invincibility"—a sort of saintly public-school system, which certainly worked. To become a Knight, Frenchmen had to trace aristocratic forbears for eight generations; Germans had to show sixteen quarterings, and were so exclusive that they did not admit even royal bastards. In Valletta Library are still the family trees of the Knights, great picture-books of illuminated coats-of-arms.

The glory of Valletta of the Knights is the Cathedral of St John. Monastically simple

on the outside, as were all the buildings of the great days of the Order, the inside is a blaze of blue, scarlet and gold. Each language-group, or *langue*, had its own chapel and vied through the centuries to make it the most splendid. The great barrel-vault of the nave is superbly decorated and the Cathedral is completely paved with memorial stones of the Knights—379 beautiful escutcheons of marble mosaic, most of them with a skull or skeleton to remind the proud and wealthy members of their mortality.

To see the Cathedral is to marvel. Deprived of that experience, one can console oneself with the monograph, *The Church of St John in Valletta*, lovingly written and compiled by the Magistral Knight-Grand Cross of the Sovereign Military Order of the Knights of Malta, Knight of the Venerable Order of St John of Jerusalem in the British Realm, Sir Hannibal Scicluna.

The galleys of the Knights helped to keep the sea-lanes of the Mediterranean free from pirates, and as the Muslim menace gradually receded the Knights lost their function as "the pride and shield of Christendom". They became virtually unnecessary and the Order slowly atrophied, so that in 1798 the German Grand Master, Ferdinand von Hompesch, capitulated to Napoleon without a struggle.

Will the future of Malta be as chequered as the past? Can an island so small be independent? Malta's prehistoric self-rule is purely conjectural, and since the veil of dim past ages has been lifted we see that the island prospered under Phoenician, Carthaginian and Roman overlords and suffered under Arab and Dark Age depredations.

For the last 430 years Malta has accommodated paying-guests, first the Knights, then the British, who were invited by the Maltese to take over after a stormy three-year interim when Napoleon melted down the treasure of the Knights to finance his armies in Egypt. Paying-guests not unnaturally consider their own problems before those of their landlords. Today this Catholic island faces many difficulties. At the root of them is overpopulation, with a density of over 2656 to the square mile. A successful policy of emigration was started in 1945. During the last few years emigration figures have dropped because people thought that jobs, as promised by the Mintoff government, would be easy. There was also a wild hope that oil might be found, but it has recently and finally been confirmed by deep drilling that oil in commercial quantities does not exist. So the emigration drive is being intensified. About a third of the





# Men, Women and Traditions in Turkey

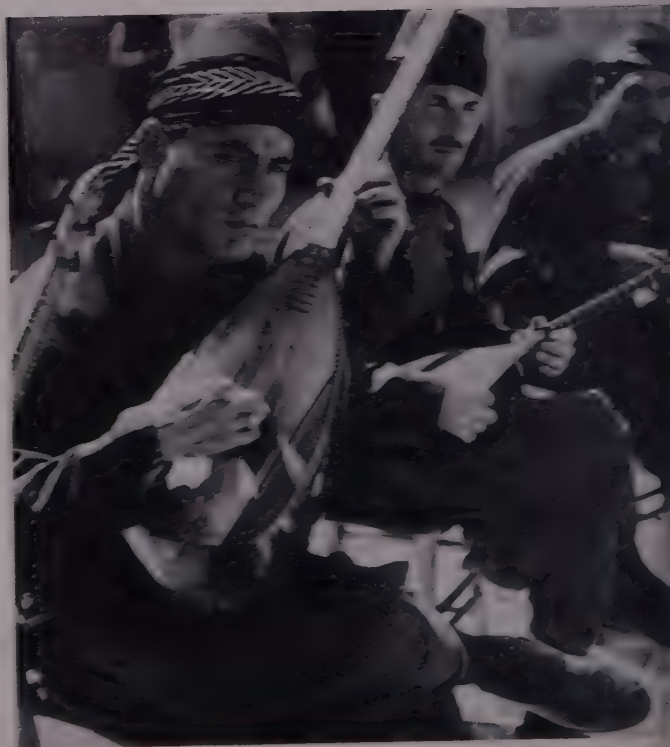
by BERNARD LEWIS

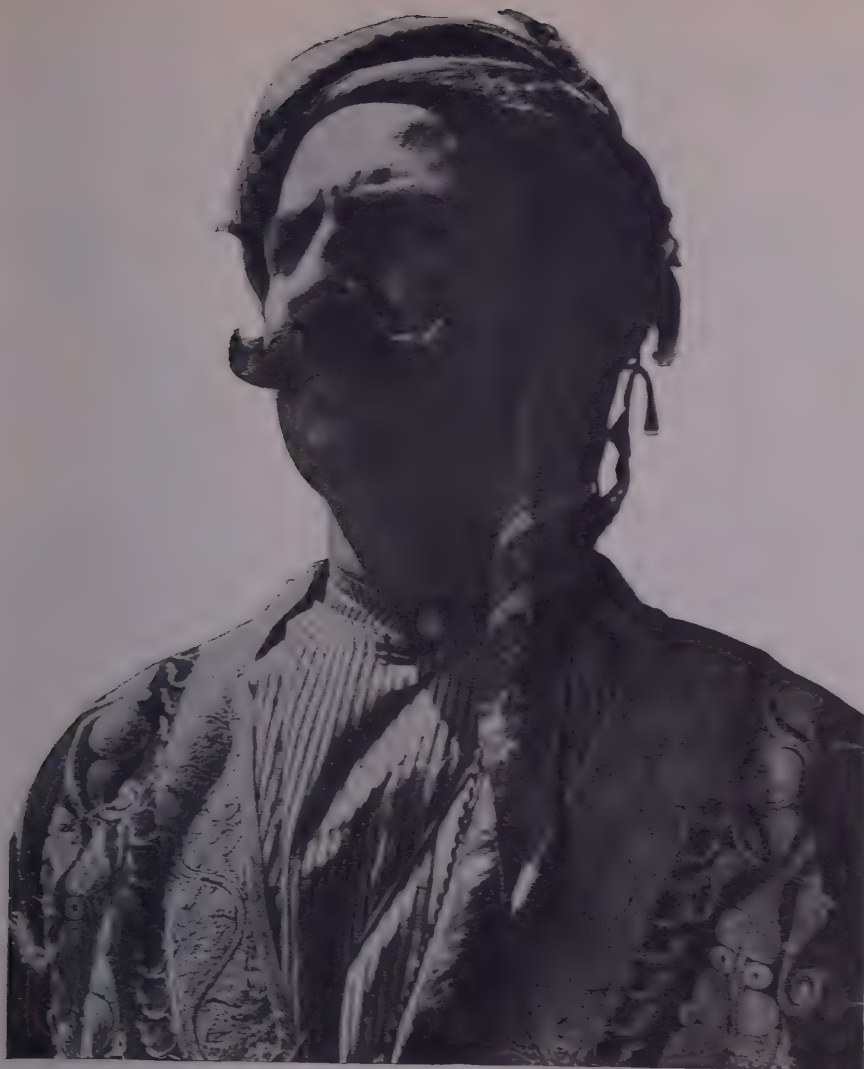
Yan's photographs accompanying this article are from *Turkey*, the latest in the series of volumes of splendid photographs with complementary text for which its publishers, Messrs Thames and Hudson, have become particularly noted since the war. *Turkey* is to be published this month



Old photograph, courtesy of T.H.

Kemal Atatürk was remarkably successful in his efforts to unify Turkey with the modern Western world, but tradition, particularly in music and the old ways are not being allowed to die out. The braided hair and face unadorned dress are from the orange super-cow village of Cappadocia; the musicians are from Konya; and the turbaned peasant from the province of Gaziantep, where the hills drop down to the Syrian desert.





THERE seems to be an intimate connection between transport and social status—a way in which we show, by the animals or machines that we ride, what kind of society we belong to, and where we fit into it. In feudal Europe the badge of power and status was the horse; the dominant landed knight or gentleman was essentially a man on horseback, and the social and moral code by which he professed to live was appropriately called chivalry, from the French *cheval*, a horse. In the modern West the landowner on a horse has given place to the executive at the wheel, and although we have not yet been able to devise a code of automobilry to replace the lost ideals of chivalry, we have found it easy to create a modern hierarchy on wheels, repro-

ducing the ancient distinctions between ass, mule and horse, between the countryman's jade and the gaily caparisoned steed of the knight.

In Turkey as in other countries they have accomplished the great change from feet to wheels, though the full exploitation of modern transport is still sometimes impeded by an inherited attitude to power and work that makes the Turk a bold and resourceful driver but a poor and unwilling mechanic—a cavalryman rather than a farrier in his attitude to his mount.

The process began in the 19th century, with the introduction of European-style coaches. In earlier days in Turkey coaches had been used only by very exalted person-

ages, while others rode on saddle-back or walked. From the early 19th century the gentlemen and even the ladies of Istanbul began to drive about in painted and gilded coaches of European type. At first these were imported from Europe, but from the 1860s a manufacturer in Istanbul began to supply coupés, victorias, omnibuses and other kinds of vehicle. The increasing number of carriages in the streets soon led to further demands and reforms—for paved roadways, sweeping and drainage, lighting and policing, and for a municipal authority to supply and maintain these services.

As the Turkish city was rebuilt and reorganized to cope with the new and expanding traffic that filled its streets, so the whole country was transformed by the new network of railways and roads. The replacement of the caravan by the train, of horse, ass and camel by car, bus and lorry, has made possible the movement of persons, commodities and ideas on a hitherto undreamt-of scale, and has given the Turkish people a new mobility, social and mental as well as physical, that has prepared them for integration in the modern world.

Of these changes, the most striking and in

*The Greek Empire on the Black Sea dwindled to no more than a strip of coast around its capital, Trebizond; then fell to the Turks in 1461. But Greeks still live there and fish the tideless sea*





*Camel-fights can no longer be seen in the squares of Istanbul, but since wrestling is the national pastime of Turkey there are still the leather-trousered wrestlers, the yagli guresh who smear their bodies with oil and fight for hours on end, to the plaintive music of clarinet and drum*

many ways the most typical are the disappearance, in the Turkish countryside, of the camel and the coming of the tractor. For most Westerners there is an almost emblematic quality about the camel, which, though without heraldic authority, seems to symbolize the Middle East as the eagle does

America or the lion Britain; among the Middle Eastern peoples too there is a rich folk-lore that has grown out of their millennial intimacy with this hardy and occasionally vicious beast.

There is, of course, also a more practical side. Though lacking the gentlemanly and

military status of the horse, the camel has, in Turkey, been far more important as a means of transport—even of military transport. Twice in the great days of the Turkish Empire, in 1529 and 1683, the Turkish armies advanced into the heart of Europe and laid siege to the city of Vienna; on both occasions, behind the grim janissary infantry and the dashing spahi cavalry, came the long supply-columns of camels, which had patiently toiled all the way from Asia Minor to Central Europe, and which died in their thousands in the damp, unfamiliar European climate.

In modern Turkey the camel has become something of a rarity. In parts of the south and east, near the borders of Syria, Iraq and Iran, the camel caravans may still be seen, but in much of the country the animal has given place to new forms of traction. Even the ox, which the peasants harnessed both to the cart and to the plough, is being displaced by a new and more potent rival—the tractor. For a long time the Westernization of Turkey was in effect limited to the towns and the larger villages in their immediate neighbourhood, while the vast rural mass of the popula-

*The Great Mosque at Bursa, the first capital of the Ottoman Turks, which lies east of the Sea of Marmara. The mosque is famous for its calligraphic inscriptions which adorn the walls as panels*





*It is a long cry from the braids of Cappadocia to the pigtails of Bergama, a small town near the Aegean coast where these high-school girls prove how far-reaching the efforts of Atatürk have been*

tion continued to live in a way that had not changed for centuries. The beginnings of rural modernization date from the period of Kemal Atatürk, but the real, massive changes did not come until the new wave of economic development after the war. During the last fifteen years, some forty thousand tractors have entered Turkey, transforming Turkish agriculture, revolutionizing the village society that lives by it, and even battering their way into the new Turkish literature that mirrors these changes. The tractor is not only a

source of wealth; it also confers prestige and status on its owner, gives a sense of power and nobility to its driver, and serves the village community in a thousand unsuspected ways.

Among other things, the tractor is now the standard transport for village weddings. A little while ago I wandered around Anatolia in April, which is the wedding season. It is a time of year when the peasant has not much else to do, and therefore takes time off to get married. The ceremony of fetching the bride is nowadays carried out on a tractor, and a



*The Yeni Djami, one of many beautiful fountains seen in the streets of Istanbul, relics of the days when water-supplies were limited and the cries of water-carriers mingled with those of the vegetable-sellers, tinkers and yoghurt-vendors*

rich peasant may well have a convoy of tractors for the wedding party, each one drawing a wooden cart full of women. The bride has the place of honour on the first tractor, sometimes sitting on the front part of it, and is escorted with all the appropriate ceremonies, traditional but motorized.

The tractor may also be hired out as a sort of village bus or taxi, and used on shopping expeditions to the nearest town. The range and scale of the peasant's shopping, when he goes to town, have increased enormously—tenfold, according to what some shopkeepers in provincial towns told me.

There are many other indications of material progress in the villages, not only in those that are within easy reach of a town, but also in more distant places. Piped water and electricity have been carried to many villages that had hardly heard of such things before; even in remoter places, a road, a bus service and a few battery-operated wireless sets have brought new contacts with the outside world, setting in motion a new process of change. In one poverty-stricken mountain village of the central plateau, that still lives on its herds and a painfully small area of cultivation, I found no fewer than twenty-

three wireless sets among 1800 inhabitants—a high proportion for such a place, especially if one bears in mind the large number of listeners to each set.

The growing influence of the town on the countryside, resulting from the improvement of communications and the increase in movement, is having some curious and paradoxical effects. Social change in Turkey, as in other areas of intensive Westernization, is often described as a straightforward struggle between the forces of modernity and of tradition, in which every technological improvement and political advance necessarily strengthens the former. In fact, it is not quite as simple as that. Turkey does not consist only of modern cities and backward villages; between the two is the small provincial town, which in Turkey as in many other countries sometimes contrives to be modern and backward at the same time. For many villages in Turkey the centre of radiation of urban influences is not a big city like Ankara, Istanbul, Izmir or Adana, but the nearby small provincial town. These are naturally far more traditional in their habits and outlook than the big cities; they are also in many ways more traditional than the village, which is

*Machinery is revolutionizing the lives of Turkish peasants: tractors for power and transport, mechanical reapers for better harvesting are giving them a new freedom and wider opportunities*

Paul Po





*The caps are revolutionary; the mode traditional*

less educated, less intricate in its patterns of social structure and behaviour, and much less affected by the whole heritage of the Ottoman, Islamic past. An example—and an obvious one—of this revival of tradition is the reappearance of the veil in the provincial towns, and its penetration from them, by the new roads, into villages which had never known the veil before.

The broad movement towards Westernization and modernization is continuing and expanding, however, and there is little doubt that in time even the provincial town and the village will be swept into it. Already there are many signs of this happening. One of them is the revolution in dress, which, like so many of the changes in modern Turkey, can be traced back to the early 19th century. In 1826, after the destruction of the ancient corps of janissaries, the Sultan formed a new model army, drilled, trained and equipped on European lines, and, most shocking of all to conservative opinion, dressed in tunics and tight-fitting serge breeches.

The introduction of European-style uniforms raised larger issues than could be settled in the quartermaster's stores. Since early times, dress and above all headgear had been the signs by which a man indicated his reli-

gious allegiance and his social status. Apart from a ban on silk, which is regarded as sinfully luxurious, the Muslim law does not actually prohibit any kind of garment, but there are countless sayings and traditions urging the Muslims to distinguish themselves, even in appearance, from the infidels and to avoid imitating their habits in dress as well as in all else. "The turban", runs an ancient saying, "is the barrier separating belief and unbelief." "He who imitates a people", says another, "becomes one of them."

These and other similar sayings helped to reinforce the general feeling that to abandon one's own form of dress and adopt another was an act of treason and apostasy. Muslims and infidels wore different clothes, and even within the Muslim fold each order of society had its own distinctive headgear; the different shaped turbans of the clergy, the military, and the bureaucrats distinguished them during their lifetimes, and were carved in stone on their tombs after their death. The hat was the mark of the infidel, and *şapka giymek*, to put on a hat, was a Turkish expression meaning to become a renegade, to enter the service of a foreign power.

It was thus no easy matter to persuade Muslim Turks to accept what were for them the distinguishing marks of an alien and inferior creed. Most difficult of all to accept was the hat, and even today, in many Muslim countries, the head-covering is the last refuge of conservatism. In Turkey, up to thirty years ago, the fez had remained as the final symbol of religious identification and allegiance, while the rest of the body had accepted the fitted garments of the West.

It was against this last bastion that Kemal Atatürk, a master of social symbolism, delivered his famous assault, in the law of November 25, 1925, requiring all men to wear hats, and making the wearing of the fez a criminal offence. His purpose was to assert and assist the social and cultural identification of Turkey with the modern Western world. In this he was remarkably successful.

Another, and more delicate, matter was that of female clothing. Even the great reformer, who had so ruthlessly changed the habits of centuries for Turkish men, did not venture to dictate to Turkish women. The unveiling of women, already accepted among the educated classes in the big towns, made only slow progress elsewhere. At the present time Turkey shows the whole range from the bikini on the fashionable Bosphorus bathing beaches to the veil and shawl in the Anatolian interior. It seems likely that the Turkish future lies in a reasonable compromise between the two.

# Polar Exploration in the Last Twenty Years

by L. P. KIRWAN

These extracts from the final chapter of *The White Road*, by the Director and Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, form a postscript to that work, the first complete survey of Arctic and Antarctic exploration of its kind, which is being published by Hollis & Carter

It is remarkable how often, in Europe at all events, the Arctic is still thought to be primarily the realm of the dog-team and the sledge. Yet the aircraft and the helicopter are more appropriately the symbols and the instruments of Arctic progress today. Commercial airways navigating along or near Great Circle routes fly regularly across the Arctic, spanning in hours the stark mountains, the tumbled and hummocky sea ice, the vast and empty surface of the Greenland Ice Sheet over which Nansen and Peary and many others painfully trudged. Air power, too, is the key to the economic and industrial expansion upon which Canada is now embarking in her Arctic territory. It is the key, moreover, to the strategic significance of a region where potentially hostile powers, in North America and the Soviet Union, confront each other across an Arctic 'Mediterranean' and prepare elaborate and costly defences against the possibility of air attack; defences in Canada's case more than anything responsible for the widespread opening up of her Arctic regions since the war. Greenland also, since 1954 no longer regarded as a colony but as part of Denmark, has been brought through air power into closer contact with the outer world and has moved, in the west and south at least, out of a hunting into a fishing and monetary economy in which her mineral resources, of cryolite especially, play an important part. No doubt comparable developments have also taken place in the Soviet Arctic. The secrecy which sur-



*Expedition of the ship Commanche to Canada*

rounds Russia's Arctic possessions, however, allows little information to escape.

It is impossible here to give more than a rapid sketch of the broad trends and developments which have led to this Arctic transformation. The period opened with an exploit in the old style, the traversing of the North-West Passage by one of the outstanding pioneers in Arctic Canada today, Sergeant (now Inspector) Henry Larsen, R.C.M.P. In a little ship, the *St Roch*, one hundred and four feet long, he made the North-West Passage twice, passing on his voyage in 1947-8 through the swirling ice of Bellot Strait, then on his second voyage in the summer of 1949 along Prince of Wales Strait and Viscount Melville and Lancaster Sounds. Stopping at Winter Harbour in Melville Sound, he saw, carved on a high rock, the names of Parry's seamen and of His Majesty's ships *Hinia* and *Gloper* which had wintered there in 1846. Larsen's was a truly audacious achievement, one indeed which Parry himself would have been the first to admit.

Larsen's voyages in the *St Roch* stand out in romantic contrast to the network of air, land and sea operations, economic, strategic and scientific, which since the war have covered Canada's Arctic sector. These have been so widespread that no single part of the Canadian Arctic has escaped the attention of the geologist, geographer or other scientist. An even more important factor in this transformation has been the so-called DEW Line, the radar fence stretching from East Greenland to Alaska.

Greenland too, mainly along its west and south-west coast, has been brought into the stream of world affairs; largely because of its importance as a landing-stage and weather observatory along one of the polar air routes. The first airports were at Julianehaab and Søndre Strømfjord. Following an agreement in 1951 between the United States and Denmark the greatest of these Arctic airports was established; at Thule, far up the west coast near the entrance to Smith Sound, the "Sir

Thomas Smith's Sound" discovered in 1616 by the Englishman William Baffin. Thule, with its airfields, its aluminium buildings, its radio and radar tower, lower only than the television mast on the Empire State Building in New York, is now a pulsating modern Arctic town. It was not until the airfields in south-west Greenland had been built that the first commercial air service between Europe and the west coast of North America could begin. This took place in November 1954 when the Scandinavian Airlines System, true to their national tradition of Arctic pioneering, made the first commercial flight from Copenhagen to Los Angeles by way of the airfield at Søndre Strømfjord.

While west Greenland was thus fast developing under the impact of war and air power and the energetic measures of the Danish Government to develop the settlements north and south of the capital, Godthaab, Greenland's Ice Sheet and its northern and eastern coasts (where the musk-ox and the kayak could still be seen) continued to attract exploring expeditions. First among these after the war were the expeditions known as the *Missions polaires françaises*, launched by the French ex-parachutist and anthropologist Paul-Émile Victor, who also led the 1959 International Expedition to Greenland. He more than anyone has been responsible for the remarkable post-war revival of French polar exploration. Seismic and other glaciological investigations also preoccupied the British North Greenland Expedition of 1952-4, working in Dronning Louise Land; an expedition which has a special place in the history of British exploration for it brought about the re-entry of the Navy into polar exploration. Another large expedition was the Danish one led by Count Eigil Knuth in Peary Land which was involved in survey and investigations of the Ice Sheet.

One other aspect of Arctic activity that must be mentioned is the annual flow of undergraduate expeditions to the Arctic, which have greatly increased in number since the first of their kind, from Oxford,



A. J. Thornton



*The British North Greenland Expedition*

*The British North Greenland Expedition, 1952-4, was a combined effort of the three armed services and the Merchant Navy, under the leadership of Commander C. J. W. Simpson, Royal Navy. Its main purpose was to find out as much as possible about the nature of the vast Greenland Ice Sheet*

in the early twenties. Easily and cheaply accessible, with a climate at its best during the months of the summer vacation, Iceland, Spitsbergen and Nordaustlandet, Greenland, Jan Mayen island, have all been targets of such undergraduate parties combining adventurous travel with scientific work. The Svalbard archipelago has been especially popular and a more or less continuous series of small expeditions from Cambridge have, in proportion to their size and resources, added considerably to the detailed geological mapping of these islands.

In recent years, however, not land expeditions but those travelling on or even under the ice, particularly the floating ice which covers almost throughout the year the central polar basin, have made the most important and exciting geographical discoveries in the Arctic. Until the year 1937-8, the year of Papanin's Russian drift expedition, knowledge of this region was still based upon the work of Nansen in the *Fram* and upon evidence from the drifting *Jeannette* (both of the late 19th century) as well as upon

Amundsen's drift in the *Maud* in 1922-4. Following Papanin's drift, however, there were other Russian drift expeditions on the eve and during the first two years of the war, and then from 1948 a whole series of expeditions, Russian and American, drifting on ice floes and ice islands over most of the central polar basin, with aircraft combining with these drifting stations not only in manning and supplying them but also in supplementary ice reconnaissance and observation. In this curious world of floating ice laboratories and floating airfields, circulating round and about the Pole regardless of any political sector boundaries radiating from it, the Russians have been most active. Geographically, the most dramatic discovery by the Russian ice-floe parties since 1948 has been that of the great submarine Lomonosov Ridge (so called after the famous Russian inventor of the 18th century) which was found to range below the sea ice from Canada's Ellesmere Island to the New Siberian Islands (Novosibirskiye Ostrova). This divides the central polar basin into an

'Atlantic' and a 'Pacific' sector, a division which must powerfully affect the movement of surface currents and the drift of ice.

Submarine discoveries almost comparable, it appears, with that of the Lomonosov Ridge were made more recently by Commander W. R. Anderson of the United States Navy when in August 1958, following the lead given by Sir Hubert Wilkins twenty-seven years before, he navigated the nuclear-powered submarine *Nautilus* under the ice of the central polar basin and under the North Pole. This was the first submarine navigation of the North-West Passage. Submerging under the ice off Point Barrow, Alaska, the *Nautilus* travelled 1830 miles in 96 hours, surfacing at a point (79° N.) between Greenland and Spitsbergen. Watching the ice overhead through the periscope and on a television screen but navigating 'blind' and with no certainty that some lofty mountain range might not suddenly loom up from the sea-bed to meet the ice above, Anderson by this exploit achieved one of the great voyages of polar history. Off Point Barrow, a deep and narrow sea valley was discovered leading into the deep waters of the central polar

basin. There, below the Pole, a depth of 13,410 feet was recorded, two thousand feet deeper than expected. The voyage of the *Nautilus* did more than illuminate the submarine geography of the Arctic. It showed that nuclear-powered, freight-carrying submarines could by using this Arctic route cut almost by half the sea voyage between London and Tokyo. An even faster trans-polar voyage was made in March 1959 by the nuclear-powered submarine U.S.S. *Skate*, the first submarine to surface, breaking through thin ice, at the Pole.

The Antarctic during and after the war followed much more closely the pattern of pre-war exploration, a pattern coloured in the United Kingdom's sector of Antarctica by the wrangles which broke out, during the war, between Britain and both Argentina and Chile about the ownership of these scattered lands. Good, however, has come to science out of this peculiar tussle over the rocks and ice and snow of Antarctica, for in 1943 the British Admiralty launched Operation "Tabarin" under which permanent meteorological stations were established in the Falkland Islands Dependencies. In the following

*Thule, the United States Air Force base in western Greenland: a "pulsating modern Arctic town"*

by courtesy of the U.S. Air Force





*By courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada*

*The Distant Early Warning or DEW Line is North America's first radar defence against air attack from the north. Its construction has tremendously speeded the opening of the Canadian Arctic*

year a programme of scientific research and exploration, in geology, biology and survey, was started and was continued and widened in 1945 when the whole project was taken over by the Colonial Office under the name "Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey". Thus began a scientific enterprise (placed three years later under the Governor of the Falkland Islands) which, however political its origin and basis, has through its yearly expeditions rendered great services to Antarctic science; an enterprise indeed in terms of continuous effort probably unique in Antarctic history.

While the United Kingdom was thus striving to consolidate her positions in the Dependencies and British and South American expeditions were manoeuvring for bases there, the United States reappeared on the Antarctic scene with Operation "Highjump" commanded by the veteran explorer Richard

E. Byrd. Comprising a Task Force of thirteen ships and four thousand men, this was the largest exploratory venture yet attempted in Antarctica. Science played a relatively small part in this elaborate naval expedition and no wintering parties remained in Antarctica. Its chief object indeed was not science at all but to create a basis for subsequent United States claims to a large sector of Antarctica.

The turn of the half-century saw some striking developments in the evolution of Antarctic exploration. It saw the Australian Government in 1949 signify its intention to take a practical and a permanent interest in its Antarctic territory by the setting up of an Antarctic division of the Department of External Affairs. This was followed five years later by the establishment of Australia's first permanent base on the mainland, at Mawson in MacRobertson Land; an achievement of the Australian National Antarctic Research



Skate on the Arctic

*U.S.S. Skate with her bow against pack-ice after surfacing in Arctic waters. The Skate was the second United States nuclear submarine to cross the North Pole. Nautilus, the first, made her historic journey in August 1958; and her captain, Commander W. R. Anderson, U.S.N., was awarded the Legion of Merit for his leading part in pioneering a "submerged sea lane between the eastern and western hemispheres."*

Expedition which had been active in the scientific exploration of the sub-Antarctic islands: Heard Island, Macquarie Island and Kerguelen. Since then these Australian expeditions, advised by the famous explorer the late Sir Douglas Mawson and energetically promoted and led by the physicist Philip Law, have been annual events, comparable in terms of cost and continuous effort only with the United Kingdom's programme of research and development in the Falkland Islands Dependencies. The turn of the half century saw also, as the result of Paul-Émile Victor's efforts, the return of France to the Antarctic Continent, to Terre Adélie.

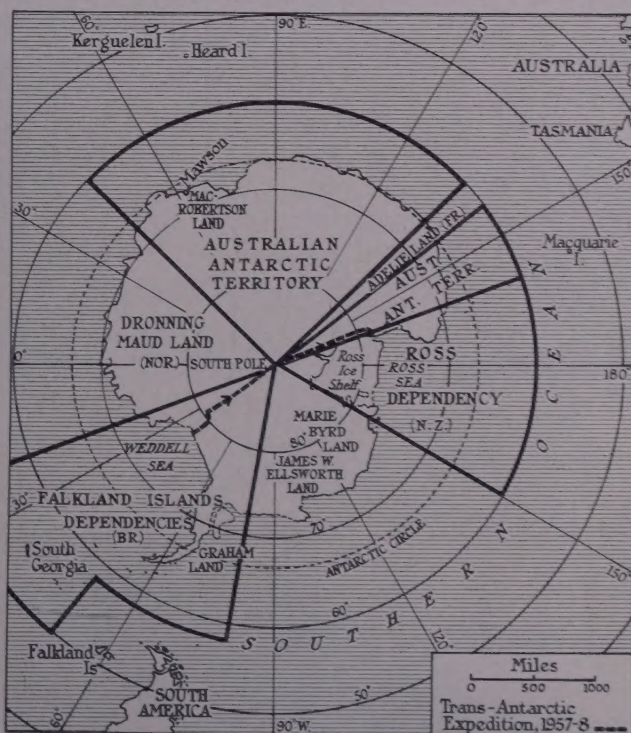
In 1949 a venture was launched which presaged a new attitude and a new outlook towards Antarctic exploration, the Norwegian-British-Swedish expedition to Norway's Dronning Maud Land, the first international expedition to Antarctica and scientifically probably the most productive until the Antarctic expeditions of the International Geophysical Year. The man at the back of this idea, which was refreshingly free from political or strategic motives, was the Swedish geographer, Professor Hans W:son Ahlmann. He had for some years been investigating possible causes for the recent recession of ice cover in the Arctic, and he argued that if this recession was due to some global climatic change and not merely to a local fluctuation, confirmation should be forthcoming from the Antarctic, as reports of ice-free areas from Alfred Ritscher's brief German expedition to Dronning Maud Land in 1939 had indeed already suggested that it might.

In 1905, the historian of Antarctica, the late Dr Hugh Robert Mill, had pleaded in his *Siege of the South Pole* for the establishment of an international committee which "should plan, not an expedition, but a system of research by means of simultaneous and consecutive expeditions and fixed observatories". This was precisely the idea behind the Antarctic operations of the International Geophysical Year. The influence of the Antarctic ice mass on weather, and on oceanographical and atmospheric dynamics; the problems posed by the

relatively unstudied Antarctic aurora whose brilliance had amazed so many generations of explorers; the possibility of conducting research from the South Polar plateau into the ionosphere during the sunless hours of the long winter night; these were some of the scientific advantages of concentration on Antarctica.

The I.G.Y., involving a dozen nations and fifty scientific bases, was concerned less with exploration than with research. Its most dramatic events were the first direct air flights from New Zealand to the Antarctic Continent in 1955-6, and the establishment in 1956-7 entirely by air of the United States "Amundsen-Scott" Station at the South Geographical Pole.

The year 1953 may be regarded as the dawn of the third and in some respects the greatest of the main periods of Antarctic endeavour; the first being the mid-19th century, the days of James Clark Ross, of Dumont D'Urville, of Wilkes; the second, the opening years of the 20th century when Sir Clements Markham and the Royal Geographical Society led the international revival of Antarctic exploration to which the American, Matthew Fontaine Maury, had forty years earlier pointed the way. It was not only the year when the international committees



A. J. Thornton



The Times

*The most outstanding achievement in recent years in Antarctic exploration was the journey, made in 1957-8 by Sir Vivian Fuchs and his party with the valuable support of Sir Edmund Hillary, from one side of that continent to the other by way of the South Pole: the first complete overland crossing of Antarctica*

of the I.G.Y. were laying plans for their great scientific onslaught on Antarctica. It was also the year in which Mr J. M. (now Sir James) Wordie, President of the Royal Geographical Society and a former shipmate of Shackleton's, provided a link with the recent past by reviving the idea, in striking contrast to these international and largely static operations, of a British Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

The idea of a Trans-Antarctic expedition on the lines of Shackleton's from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea via the Pole had been brewing for some time in the minds of polar explorers, among them the future leader of the expedition, Dr (now Sir Vivian) Fuchs. The first land crossing of the Antarctic Continent by Fuchs and his men, Sir Edmund Hillary having previously laid depots and reconnoitred the route from the Ross Sea to the Pole, was achieved between November 24, 1957, and March 2, 1958, the United States South Pole station being visited on the way. Despite great difficulties near the Weddell Sea Coast where the expedition's Sno-cats were caught in a maze of deep,

concealed crevasses of unparalleled extent, the crossing was completed with an almost military precision within a day of the planned date. But this first crossing overland, so ably and so resolutely conducted, was not the only, or even perhaps the most important, of the expedition's achievements. The unknown stretch between the Weddell Sea and the Pole was for the first time explored. Furthermore, within the limits imposed by the Antarctic season upon a motorized caravan engaged in a journey of over two thousand miles, much scientific work was done, in particular, a seismic traverse across the continent. This revealed ice depths of 9000 feet, with many high mountain peaks rising up below the ice, and a deep valley underlying the South Geographical Pole.

Sir Vivian Fuchs's Trans-Antarctic journey has sometimes been described as "the last great journey in the world". But already an even longer Trans-Antarctic journey is being planned, by the Soviet Union which, as a participant in the I.G.Y., entered Antarctic exploration in 1955 for the first time since the

*Although there is still room for small, privately sponsored expeditions in the Arctic, there is little opportunity for them nowadays in Antarctica, where Duncan Carse's South Georgia Surveys of 1951-7 were among the last of this kind: a sledge-party on the Spenceley Glacier, 1955-6*

*Scott Polar Research Institute*



days of the great Russian explorer Bellingshausen. This will be a journey of 3700 miles through the South Pole, the South Magnetic Pole and the Pole of Relative Inaccessibility, the point on the Antarctic Continent farthest from the coast. And no doubt there will be more to follow.

What meanwhile is to be the future of Antarctica? In terms of the contemporary struggle for power it seems likely to be of slight importance by comparison with the vital strategic importance of the Arctic. Though the commercial advantages seem doubtful at present, in the near future the Antarctic may, like the Arctic, be the scene of trans-polar flights by commercial airways linking the cities of Australia and South America. Economically, the wealth of Antarctica at present lies in its seas, in the highly profitable and highly competitive whaling industry. But the Antarctic Continent too, still only partially explored, may yet produce surprises. Coal, tin ore, lead, copper, iron, even gold and silver have been found. Oil and nuclear ores are still a possibility in a continent of such tremendous size. But economic exploitation in the harshest of all environments, over distances so great and with relatively few rock faces easily accessible and free from ice, is unlikely to prove profitable, or even possible, unless world shortages elsewhere drive men to invent new and startling techniques. Meanwhile science rather than strategy or economics is the key to the future of Antarctica; scientific research and scientific exploration in the greatest geophysical laboratory in the world. The Antarctic, like the Arctic, may even have its place in the new Space Age, for radiation, so perilous to man, is thinnest over the Poles and there is said to be a strong case for making the first manned space launchings from high latitudes.

Nevertheless, with the Antarctic at present offering such meagre rewards, one wonders why it should cause so much international rivalry, and why the problems of sovereignty over this wasteland seem so impossible to solve. An effort to do so was made by the United States in 1948 when she suggested a United Nations Trusteeship for the Antarctic. In 1956, inspired it seems by New Zealand, India made a similar proposal. In 1958 the President of the United States made a fresh attempt to settle the Antarctic problem. Addressing a memorandum to eleven coun-

tries, including for the first time the Soviet Union, he drew attention to the smooth and easy cooperation which had marked the International Geophysical Year and proposed in extension of it an international treaty to cover freedom of scientific investigation in Antarctica, and indeed its free use for any peaceful purposes. This proposal, however, contained a suggestion of certain provisos upon which the Soviet Union was quick to jump. Not only would the United States, it appeared, reserve all its own rights over Antarctica, including the right to assert territorial claims, but it suggested that other nations might be able to maintain their historic rights and claims to sovereignty. Thereupon the Soviet Union, while drawing attention, as indeed the United States had done, to the discoveries of her earlier explorers, and reserving all rights, again like the United States, based on those discoveries, rejected any such suggestion of provisions safeguarding existing claims. And there the situation stands. (*All the interested countries including the Soviet Union subsequently accepted an invitation to attend an Antarctic conference in Washington in October 1959 to discuss the American proposals, and some progress appears to have been made.*) Even the dispute between Britain and Argentina and Chile, which has bedevilled all political discussions about the future of Antarctica, has yet to be settled, for the South American countries, basing their claims to the Falkland Islands Dependencies very largely on the highly doubtful grounds of geographical contiguity and rights inherited from Spain, have (unlike the United Kingdom) consistently refused to submit their case to the International Court at the Hague.

Meanwhile, what is happening geographically to the polar regions? Both Arctic and Antarctic, it seems, are slowly, almost imperceptibly changing, for their ice cover is melting and adding minutely to the volume of the oceans. In the remote future perhaps, in terms of geological time, when low-lying shores may have crumbled and have been submerged under new levels of the sea, the Arctic may return to the Mediterranean climate it enjoyed before the Ice Age, while luxuriant vegetation may flourish once again within the Antarctic circle. But until then the white road will remain, the challenge it has always been to those who seek knowledge and adventure.